

W SHOULD THE NEW HOUSES BE HEATED.

THAMSTED AGRICULTURAL LABORATORY (Illustrated). By E. J. Russell.

FEB 16 1921

COUNTRY LIFE

8 TAVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

OL. XLIX. No. 1256.

Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office.

[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER, AND FOR CANADIAN MAGAZINE POST.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29th, 1921.

Published Weekly, PRICE ONE SHILLING. Subscription Price, per annum, post free. Inland, 65/-. Canadian, 60/-. Foreign, 80/.

"Viyella" Shirts and Pyjamas

(Regd.)

for gentlemen who discriminate

ASK YOUR OUTFITTER TO SHOW YOU PATTERNS

If your shirtmaker cannot supply we will tell you who can.



WM. HOLLINS & Co., Ltd. (trade only),
24, 25 & 26, Newgate Street, London, E.C. 1.

Champagnes of Quality

PAUL RUINART

1906 and 1911 VINTAGES

Now obtainable at all High Class Stores and Hotels.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, please write, sending us the name of your usual Wine Merchants, and we will arrange for supplies being available.

Sole Agents (Wholesale) in Great Britain for PAUL RUINART et Cie., RHEIMS.



SHOOLBRED'S

TOTTENHAM HOUSE, LONDON, W. 1.

For Value, Comfort, and Quality in
BEDSTEADS, BEDDING,
and **DOWN QUILTS.**

AVON Tyres

Substantially Reduced
in Price.

See New Motor List — S 25.



ESTABLISHED 1858.

CONSERVATORIES

VINERIES PEACH HOUSES PLANT HOUSES

EXPERIENCE extending over considerably more than half a century enables us to offer all that is best in the DESIGN and EQUIPMENT of GLASSHOUSES.

CATALOGUE AND ESTIMATES FREE.

VISITS OF INSPECTION BY ARRANGEMENT.

MESSENGER & CO., LTD.,

Horticultural Builders and Heating Engineers,
LOUGHBOROUGH, Leicestershire.

London Office: 122, VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W. 1.

Telegrams: "Heating, Loughborough."
"Nonplussed, Sowest, London"

Telephone: 691 Loughborough.
1209 Victoria, London.

RONUK

The
Sanitary
POLISH.

NOTHING IS THE SAME, NOR HAS THE SAME REFRESHING
SMELL AND ANTISEPTIC VALUE.

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE, LINOLEUM, &c.
OF ALL GROCERS, STORES, IRONMONGERS.

A LITTLE RONUK GOES A LONG WAY AND WILL
POLISH AND RE-POLISH BY SIMPLY USING A BRUSH OR
A CLOTH, OR, BETTER STILL, A RONUK HOME POLISHER

Write for Leaflet to—RONUK, LTD., Portslade, Brighton, SUSSEX.



BY APPOINTMENT

Country House Lighting
Electric Light Fittings
to suit all periods.

TREDEGARS

5, 7 & 9 BROOK STREET LONDON W 1
Tredegars, Ltd.

Mayfair 1032-1033

CHAMPAGNE
E. MERCIER & Co.
 ÉPERNAY (Marne)



PRIVATE CUVÉE
EXTRA DRY.

Vintages 1914 & 1915.

Apply to your Wine Merchant.

PRICE MODERATE

**NOW IS THE TIME TO SOW
 ANNUALS FOR SUNNY & SHADY PLACES**

See the special article by Gertrude Jekyll, V.M.H., in this week's issue of

THE GARDEN

(dated January 29th).

Other instructive articles in this issue are

"The Spacing of Annuals"; "Annuals for filling gaps"; "Irises in Pots"; "Revival of an old-time flower, new Sweet Williams and how to grow them"; "Stray jottings on Sweet Peas"; "Flowers from Seed for the coming Summer" and "A five-foot flower border."

These articles are written by the most authoritative writers and are accompanied by excellent illustrations. This issue makes its appearance with a beautiful coloured cover.

THE EDITOR, with the assistance of an expert staff, is only too pleased to answer all questions relating to gardening matters. Readers should not hesitate to place their difficulties before him. He welcomes them. Readers are urged to place a definite order for THE GARDEN to be sent to them week by week as the demand for each number constantly increases.

3d. weekly. THE GARDEN 3d. weekly.

Annual subscription rates, 17/4 (inland); 17/4 (foreign)

THE GARDEN can be obtained from all newsagents and bookstalls, or direct from the office. A specimen copy will be sent free on receipt of a postcard addressed to The Manager, THE GARDEN, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.

ANY NUMBER OF HOT BATHS

**AND EFFICIENT HEATING BY RADIATORS FROM ONE BOILER
 WITH THE 'UNA' COMBINED SYSTEM OF HEATING & HOT WATER SERVICE**

YOUNG, AUSTEN & YOUNG
 8, BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND
 LONDON

**ADVISORY ENGINEERS AND CONTRACTORS
 IN HEATING, HOT WATER SERVICES AND
 CUISINE EQUIPMENT**

TECHNICAL ADVICE AND ESTIMATES ON REQUEST.



THE STORY OF TOBACCO. No. 1—THE DISCOVERY.

THOUGH claims have been made for other parts of the world, there is little doubt that Tobacco originated in America. When you fill your pipe with Player's "Country Life" cast your mind back ages before we in Europe knew that America existed, and imagine an Indian Chief grubbing up what he considered to be a troublesome weed in his allotment and burning it. As the blue smoke curls upward he discovers the grateful fragrance, eagerly inhales it and finds it amazingly comforting and stimulating. His family gather round and ultimately the whole tribe are enjoying a smoke. At first the only method was to burn the herb on the ground, but one fine day the Chief contrived the ancestor of the pipe of to-day.

PLAYER'S "Country Life"

Tobacco and Cigarettes.

TOBACCO
 Mild and Medium Strengths
 1/- per oz. 4/- per lb. Tin.

CIGARETTES
 Pink Packet 10 for 6d.
 Blue Packet 10 for 5d.

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, NOTTINGHAM.

P. 296

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

NOW READY.



LETTERS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN on Hunting, Angling & Shooting

By **LT.-COL. J. MACKILLOP,**
HORACE G. HUTCHINSON and
THE HON. DOUGLAS CAIRNS.

Illustrated by LIONEL EDWARDS.

Price 6s. net; by post 6s. 6d.

The veriest tyro can rapidly become proficient by following the advice given in these Letters—while the more advanced Sportsman will derive no small amount of pleasure and profit from them.

A prospectus of this book will be sent post free on application to The Manager, "Country Life," Ltd., 20, Tavistock Street, W.C. 2.

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XLIX.—No. 1256.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29th, 1921.

PRICE ONE SHILLING, POSTAGE EXTRA.
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



MISS GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

From the picture by W'm Nicholson at the National Portrait Society's Exhibition.

Miss Jekyll happily needs no introduction to our readers. Since the establishment of this journal she has been our foremost authority on things pertaining to the order and beauty of woodland and garden, and what she has been to our readers is only typical of the service she has rendered to the world at large. Her pre-eminent merit is that of applying to floriculture the principles of art. Painting was her first choice of a profession, and when prevented from following it she, fortunately, substituted flowers for paint as a medium of expression. Other horticulturists have achieved their ambition when, triumphing over climatic or other obstacles, they have succeeded in making the rare and difficult flower grow; but that was only a beginning for Miss Jekyll. Her pictorial sense demanded that bloom and foliage should come in the position, mass and environment that showed them to the loveliest advantage. Thus were born in her mind the exquisite combinations and harmonies of colour which she proceeded with practical skill to realise in her own garden. Then in a literary style all her own, concise and lucid, she instructed others how to obtain such effects, with the result that gardening from henceforth was touched with the glory of creative art, which hitherto had belonged only to the painter and sculptor. All who saw or heard became her disciples, so that now she can look on a life's work crowned with success. In the added beauty of every flower garden worthy of the name the effect of her influence is visible. That surely is no unworthy monument to her teaching, of which it may be said with truth that, like Chaucer's "poure persoun," she taught, but first she followed it herself.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2

Telegrams: "COUNTRY LIFE," LONDON; Tele. No.: GERRARD 2748.
Advertisements: 8-11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2; Tele. No.: REGENT 760.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Our Frontispiece: Miss Gertrude Jekyll	115
Needed Reform (Leader)	116
Country Notes	117
The Message, by Mabel Leigh	117
Waiting in the Forest for Lion: East Africa	118
Rothamsted Agricultural Laboratory: The Newest and Oldest in the World, by the Director of Rothamsted. (Illustrated)	119
Fighting the Smoke Nuisance: III.—How Should the New Houses be Heated?	122
The Hill Men, by Will H. Ogilvie. (Illustrated)	123
Country Home: Beach House. (Illustrated)	126
Studies in Character, by Charles Marriott. (Illustrated)	133
Britwell Court Library	134
Chinese Art in England: VI.—Porcelain of the Early Seventeenth Century, by R. L. Hobson. (Illustrated)	135
A Revolutionary Epic	137
Correspondence	139
Milk and Children; Matters of Interest for Collectors (W. G. Thomson); Farmers and Summer Time (S. F. Edge); The Poultry Keeping Experiment; The Tawny Owl; Foxhounds; Annals of Old Bond Street; Fishermen of the New Hebrides (Thomas J. McMahon); Gosford House; "The Hunting Spirit" (H. A. Tiarke); A Ski-ing Curriculum; A Lancashire Funeral Custom (Joyce H. M. Bankes); An Old House that may yet be Saved (A. R. Porcys).	
The Estate Market	141
The Next Grand National. (Illustrated)	142
The Ideal Kitchen—A. (Illustrated)	143
What Makes a First-class Putter, by Jack White. (Illustrated)	145
Tales of a Ribbed Club, by Bernard Darwin	145
The Great Grey Seal of the Hebrides. (Illustrated)	146
The Automobile World. (Illustrated)	lxiv.
An Interesting Pressure Phenomenon, by Max Baker. (Illustrated)	lxvii.
The Reference Books of 1921	lxx.
The Dress Instinct and a Flair for Innovations. (Illustrated)	lxxii.

EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable.

COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

NEEDED REFORM

IT was very appropriate that before leaving England Mr. Davis, the retiring American Ambassador, should choose the American Constitution for the subject of his Rhodes lecture. It was equally right that the Lord Chief Justice, who was in the chair, should eulogise the British Constitution. The two countries have set an example to the rest of the world, and it would be difficult to overstate the merits of the method of government which they have carried out. And yet there remains an uneasy feeling about it all. Very probably Chinese orators two thousand years ago dwelt with equal eloquence on the merits of their constitution; and, if so, the praise was deserved. The Chinese were at that time far in advance of their neighbours. The pity was that they remained content with what had been accomplished, as though perfection had been reached and there was nothing further to do but stand still or mark time. But standing still is as bad a policy for nations as for individuals. The Chinese appeared to go to sleep entombed in institutions which they did not alter to suit the advancing needs of the population. They forgot that it was in the nature of civilisations to keep on the march.

The question at the moment is whether even the most advanced countries of the world are not now in

danger of following the Chinese example. Our own case is very much in point. The British Constitution had its origin in feudal times. It cannot be said to have stood still during the Middle Ages or even in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. It was constantly being modelled and re-fashioned to suit the changing needs of society. But recently one rather doubts if this process has gone on with a celerity equal to that with which changes in society have been accomplished. We are not singling out the two countries as being worse than the rest of the world, but, on the contrary, assume that they are, on the whole, in front of the others. Nevertheless, it is true that if a constitution is to be judged by the harmony and contentment of the people who enjoy its blessings, then no country has much to boast about at the present moment. On every side great chasms are being opened between the classes. A Government is no longer conducted by a Party and an Opposition which alternatively change places. New lines of cleavage have sprung up, and neither the kingdom of Great Britain nor the democracy of the United States appears able to weld the opposing factions into a united country. The explanation would appear to be that since the drawing up of the American Constitution, and, of course, long after the British Constitution took shape, the people of both countries became infected with new aspirations and ideals and discontent in various forms is making itself felt daily. The people of to-day differ very much from those of Washington's time. Trades Unions had not come into existence then and Labour was not disciplined and brigaded, neither was it as intelligent as now. The simple ancient ideas about the relative position of employer and employed remained pretty much what they had been when the Tower of Babel was built.

Another important point is that a great change has been made in the centre of government, and politicians have not wakened up to a realisation of the fact. The first Lord Grey when he carried his Reform Bill materially altered the Constitution of the country. After his time politicians seemed to think that whenever there was trouble all they had to do was to enlarge the franchise which he had created. But this device, after being repeated again and again, has lost its efficacy. The electorate is now so large that one cannot well see where there is room for more reform. Yet it is not perfect. Everybody who thinks will acknowledge that, in spite of the Ballot Act, the verdict at a General Election does not necessarily represent the judgment of the majority of the electors at the moment. There is mass election in politics just as there is mass production in industry. Both in the ordinary working parties and in the methods of the Trades Unions an increasing place has been given to group voting. A committee, large or small, decides what shall be done. The statesman's problem at the moment is to make each vote tantamount to an individual opinion.

A large field for reform is to be found in the relations between Labour and Capital. It is impossible to exaggerate the danger arising from the present antagonism between them: it threatens to paralyse and nullify the productive energy of the country and it makes an opening for the propaganda of the Bolshevik. The men and their employers must come into council, and very great trouble must be taken to ensure that those who figure in the council are not mere nominees, but real representatives whose opinion will be supported by those who chose them. Many temporary measures have been brought forward, but they have resulted only in mere tinkering. What we want is a grand inquest determined on obtaining results that will have the support of an overwhelming majority of the population. There should be no doubt about the meaning of this sentence. An overwhelming majority cannot be obtained without a considerable amount of surrender on the part of somebody, but, according to our Constitution, the majority must prevail.

* * * Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.



COUNTRY NOTES

THE Labour report on unemployment is surely not a very practical document. Its main recommendation is that those out of work should be employed on public works at a regular wage; but, as no suggestion is offered in regard to public works that will yield any return in the shape of profit, what this means is that there must be a vast increase in the taxation of this country in order to find money for paying the wages. It is very doubtful indeed if those who pay rates and taxes could, if they were ever so willing, find the money wanted. The burdens upon them are already so heavy that they are making inroads in many cases upon the savings of a lifetime. As to country gentlemen who used to pay a large share of the rates and also afford generous help to the unemployed, they find the life of their forefathers impossible in present circumstances. They have sold or let their houses, they have reduced other expenses as far as ever possible, and even then can hardly contrive a margin on which to live. These used to be the principal contributors to the rates and taxes. They can be so no longer. All the power of the Labour Party could not succeed in extracting blood from a milestone. We hope the report will be fully and searchingly discussed in the House of Commons. Labour must be taught that it is of no use to draw up an ambitious programme unless the way is suggested of securing means to apply it.

TOO much publicity cannot be given to the statement about economic rents which was made a short time ago by Dr. Addison in the House of Commons, because it shows in the clearest possible way the burden which is being thrown upon the community by the Government Housing Scheme. The Minister of Health was asked: If a working-class house cost £1,000 to build to-day, and the local rates were 17s. 6d. in the pound, what would be the economic rent on that house? Dr. Addison's answer was, that to meet a loan charge at 6½ per cent., and allowing for management and repairs, the economic rent would be 30s. per week, the tenant also paying rates, water charge and inhabited house duty; or £2 12s. per week inclusive of rates. This means that in the latter case the working man would be paying for his house at the rate of £135 4s. per annum. Quite obviously he could not afford such a rent, but also quite obviously the community cannot go on indefinitely paying the greater part of it for him. At the present juncture nobody can say what is the solution of the problem. There are, however, three determining factors: these are (1) an increased supply of raw materials; (2) the abolition of certain trade union customs or "unwritten laws" whereby a man is prevented from doing anything like his utmost; and (3) the sweeping away of "rings" which keep up the price of building materials at an inflated figure and prevent reductions in cost which an open market

would give. These are problems not to be solved in a paragraph, but even in a paragraph their significance is made manifest

THE dream of prolonging human life is almost as old as the race itself. In very early times it was a promise held out by astrologers and charlatans and was supposed to depend on philtres and elixirs. In modern times the subject has fascinated men of science. A few years ago the chief exponent of the belief that a man's life may be prolonged on the earth was M. Metchnikoff, the very illustrious Russian who succeeded M. Pasteur as President of the Pasteur Institute. M. Metchnikoff's theory was that the duration of life depended upon keeping the alimentary canal clear of germs. He was also an apostle of sour milk as a drink highly conducive to the duration of life. Mr. J. S. Huxley of New and Balliol Colleges, Oxford, has approached the subject from a different angle, and has also come to the conclusion that human life may be prolonged. He founds his opinion upon scientific experiment, particularly one by means of which Planarian flatworms had been kept not only within certain definite limits of size, but within definite limits of age. One animal, he says, "has been kept of the same age, that is, in the same lively activity, the same form, the same type of behaviour—for a time during which the rest of the brood have passed through nineteen generations." Nineteen generations, if counted as the human race counts a generation, would take us back to Chaucer. But alas! the elixir that will perform this miracle is at present one for the flatworm only. Its importance lies in the proof it affords that the life cycle may be controlled. Once the principle is established and understood its application will inevitably be extended to higher forms of life than that of the Planarian flatworm.

THE MESSAGE.

Soon out of Winter's dearth there will be born
The song of birds, the snowdrop's silver bell,
And living veils of green that shall adorn
The naked larch, fast-bound in frozen spell.

When you have heard the merle upon the tree
Full throated, in his early rapture sing,
Remember! Love and Life still circle me,
And in new lands I, too, behold the Spring.

MABEL LEIGH.

THERE is only too much reason for believing that in summer there will be a considerable increase to the already burdensome local rates. The alarm signal has been sounded, and even local authorities are waking up to the need there is for economy. But it is too late to enable them to check the expenditure of the present year. They are committed to too many schemes. Up to a certain point it may be admitted that an increase in the local rates was inevitable. If we consider that all the men working on the roads, for instance, are receiving something like double the amount of wages they got before the war, we have one item of many that are increasing the expenses of local administration. Nor can we see how it could have been avoided. The servants of a local authority are bound to be at least as well paid as those of the same class in the employ of private individuals. But after that allowance has been made it will not be forgotten that the local authorities have plunged into a great many expensive schemes that they ought not to have plunged into. They did not realise promptly that the ratepayers were much poorer than they had been before the war. Like other people, they were deceived by the exhibition of wealth made by those who had been profiteering.

THE fate of submarine K 5 serves as a reminder of the tragedies to which those are exposed who work the great inventions of our time. There is some consolation in knowing that the vessel was lost at a time when she was engaged in the very essential task of testing the relative efficiency of submarines and capital ships. The men were doing their duty just as truly then as they were when they were fighting the Germans. But that takes nothing from the horror of the loss and will be only a slight consolation

to the relatives of those who were lost. There is scarcely any other catastrophe so dreadful to the imagination as the loss of a submarine. What happens down below no one can tell, except that escape seems to be practically impossible. In this case a crew of over fifty were lost, and all that we can do is to pay a sympathetic tribute to their gallantry.

THE victory of France over Scotland at Rugby football is distinctly an event. France has once won the match before, but it was in Paris and at a time when visiting teams were a little inclined, perhaps, to treat a match in France as an agreeable outing. Last year France beat Ireland in Dublin, but 1920 was a very lean year for Irish football. This victory over Scotland in Edinburgh marks a real advance, and probably everybody but the most fervent of Scottish patriots will rejoice over it. Nor, in all probability, will it be the Frenchmen's only triumph. Last year taught us once and for all to take them very seriously, and the names of Jaurreguy, Struxiano and Billac are as stirring and full of menace in football as are those of Mlle. Lenglen and Gobert at lawn tennis, or Massey at golf, or Carpentier in the ring. These Frenchmen are very strong, very fast and very plucky. In past years they have shown themselves rather too mercurial, and, indeed, we can hardly imagine a French game player with the temperament of, let us say, an Inman. But at Edinburgh on Saturday the way in which they clung to their winning lead in the teeth of desperate Scottish rushes in the last few minutes shows that they can be dogged as well as dashing.

WHAT an interesting proposal is that of Mr. Hampden-Cook that someone should undertake the compilation of a complete dictionary of British surnames. Such a book would form a most valuable pendant to Murray's Dictionary. The subject has received a great deal of attention during the last ten or twenty years, but it has not been comprehensive. A work like this requires to be done with completeness. The subject would throw a considerable light upon history, as one may easily see from considering the various origins of names. Mr. Hampden-Cook mentions place names, sign names, spot names, occupation names, patronymics and nicknames. The most important are the first. Until this day a great many families still live in the places from which their progenitors were called. There was something fine in that Scottish phrase, which is so often misused by English writers, "of that ilk." The proper way of using it is, of course, in such a phrase as "a Gordon of Gordon," instead of which one may say "a Gordon of that ilk." But, although we put place first, the other origins would repay careful investigation, and we hope somebody will act upon the hint thus offered them.

IN the extremely interesting and important letter on children's feeding which appears to-day over the signature of "Dentist" the weakest point, in our opinion, is that the writer assumes milk as a complete diet. If one were to think that—if young children were fed on milk and nothing else—his objections would undoubtedly hold good, but it would be no more reasonable to do so than to assume from a passage in his communication that children should be fed on crusts which their elders have rejected. Crusts, or, at any rate, as much as they would eat of them, would be a very thin diet. What happens to children—and here we are giving the opinion of one who has reared a number of them most successfully and with perfect teeth—is that when they are weaned cow's milk is substituted for that of the mother. Already it may be assumed that they have had a certain amount of milk from the dairy and that the practice has been adopted of cooking with this milk oat flour, the quantity increasing with the appetite of the child until the little stomach is able to deal with porridge and milk. But, unless something were given on which the young teeth could be cleaned, that diet would obviously be incomplete. The practical mother whom we are quoting used ship's biscuits, of which the children could have as much as they liked to eat. These ship's biscuits were harder even than the crusts, and the results were splendid. Probably both Professor Simpson and his critic will agree that the diet is an excellent one.

AMID the trials and tribulations of the times there are fortunately some who do not forget how to give great pleasure to the nation. Among these must be numbered the donor to the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty of a piece of land close to Stoke Poges. Stoke Poges has an irresistible attraction for travellers because it was here that Thomas Gray got the idea for his immortal "Elegy." That was the church around which the owl pursued her unmolested flight, that gravestone in the churchyard with its fine inscription by the poet's hands marks where Gray's incomparable mother lies buried; and all around is the very English landscape of the poem. Witley Common, within easy reach of Hindhead, Haslemere, Guildford and Godalming, has been offered to the Trust, and so has Devonshire Park, a hundred acres of land at Morte Point on the North Devon coast. In addition to these places which have been presented to the Trust it has been decided to buy some land near Derwentwater as a memorial to Canon Rawnsley and to spend two thousand pounds on the acquisition of Cissbury Camp of which the prehistoric site is well known to archæologists.

WAITING IN THE FOREST FOR LION: EAST AFRICA.

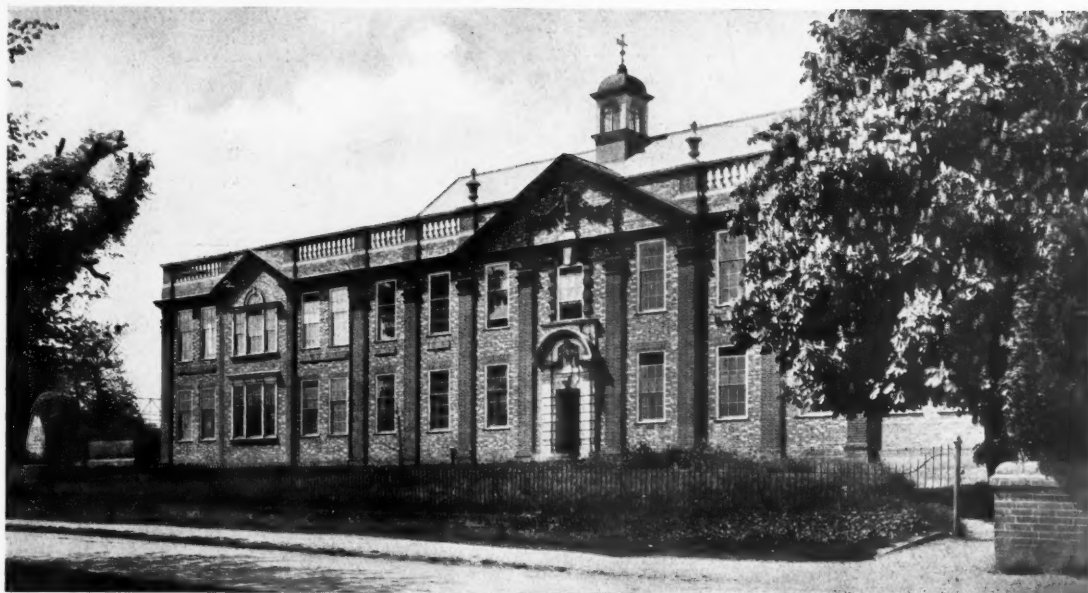
The night is very still: the husky bark
Of a baboon echoes from far away.
My eyes go straining out into the dark:
The moon is hidden, and the drinking-pool
Below my sheltering tree is dimly grey.
A little wind blows, quietly and cool.
Gently I move my rifle; stiff and numb
I scramble to a more inviting bough,
Holding my breath—oh it's amazing how
Tremendous the most trivial sounds become
In the night's silence. . . . Now the moon's pale sheen
Has touched the topmost branches of my tree,
Making each leaf a cold aquamarine
Against the purple sky. Gradually
The light creeps on, and—as its radiance grows—
An odd-shaped arabesque of whiteness throws
On tree-trunks velvet-black and—

*God! the roar
That rends and shakes the forest! . . . and I wait
In trembling exultation. Hunger and hate
Are in that mighty challenge—lust and fear,
As the great beast draws near and yet more near. . . .*

N. STJ. B.

IT surely is about time that the Sunday Observances Act of 1780 was repealed. It has opened a way for the magistrates of Bournemouth to commit the great folly of refusing to grant the Corporation a licence to hold concerts on Sunday. Why should they not? One asks, but waits in vain for an answer. There seems very little sense in trying at this time of day to enforce a Sabbatarianism worthy only of Scotland in its most austere aspect. Bournemouth is a town of visitors, and it will be granted without discussion that they could be enjoying themselves in a great many ways less innocent than in that of listening to music. It is to be hoped that their action will lead to the abolition of the Act of 1780. That it has long been obsolescent will generally be admitted.

OUR poultry-keeping experimentalist has not quite such good results to show this week as he showed last week, mainly because a slump in prices has occurred. Whether this is to be permanent or not is a question the answer to which must very greatly affect the poultry-keeping interest. Pullets and cockerels for breeding purposes have been selling at enormous prices; so have eggs for setting and one-day chicks and other things connected with fowls. In consequence, there has been a great deal of capital put into the business, and were the price of chickens and the price of eggs to fall permanently, the return would inevitably represent only a small interest or profit on the capital involved. That will not greatly take away from the interest of the experiment in the eyes of those who give due weight to fluctuations, but it may make the profits less than they would have been had high prices continued.



Copyright.

1.—ENTRANCE FRONT FROM COMMON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

ROTHAMSTED AGRICULTURAL LABORATORY

THE NEWEST AND THE OLDEST IN THE WORLD

By E. J. RUSSELL, D.Sc., F.R.S., DIRECTOR.

ROTHAMSTED was founded in June, 1843, and although the great French agriculturist Boussingault had started an experimental farm at an earlier date, his work was long ago discontinued, leaving Rothamsted far and away the oldest agricultural experimental station now existing. But during the war it has renewed its youth; the old laboratory has been taken down and a new one erected, which has already been formally opened and is now almost completely equipped. As the laboratory embodies

the accumulated experience of the Rothamsted workers, an account is here given of its more important features.

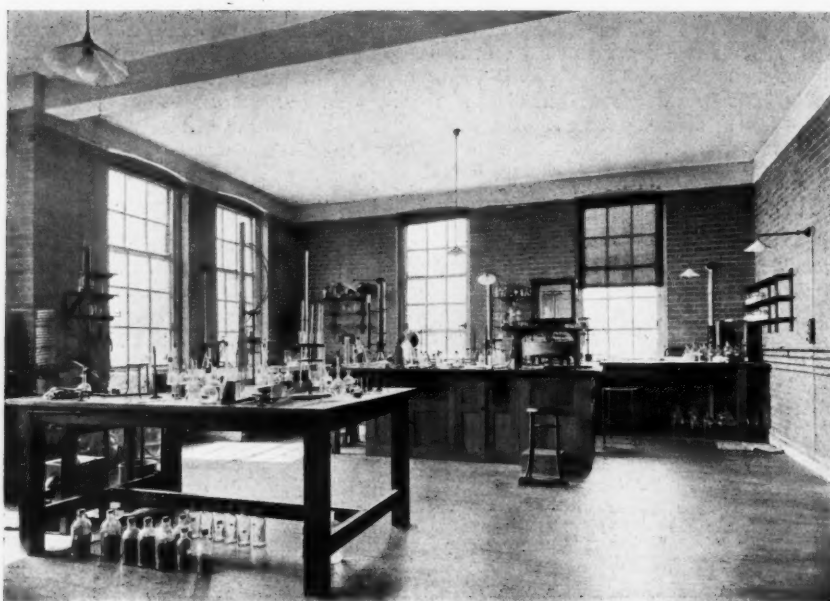
It was in no spirit of vandalism that the old laboratory was taken down. The building had been put up in 1852-3, and it was the first of its kind. Much historic work had been carried out there, and many of the intellectual giants of the Victorian Era had met within its walls and discussed their great problems. It was unsuited for modern work, but that would not have been sufficient justification for destroying it; further,



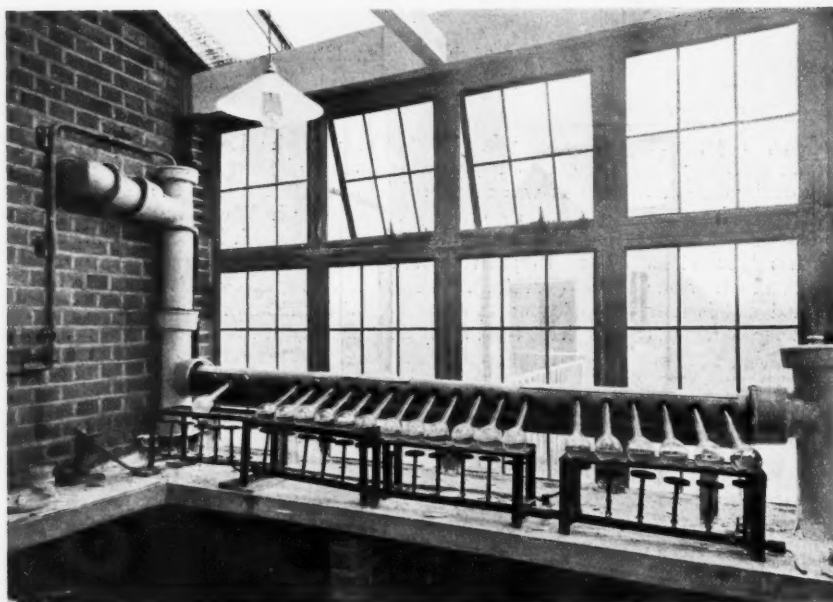
Copyright.

2.—THE ENTRANCE HALL.

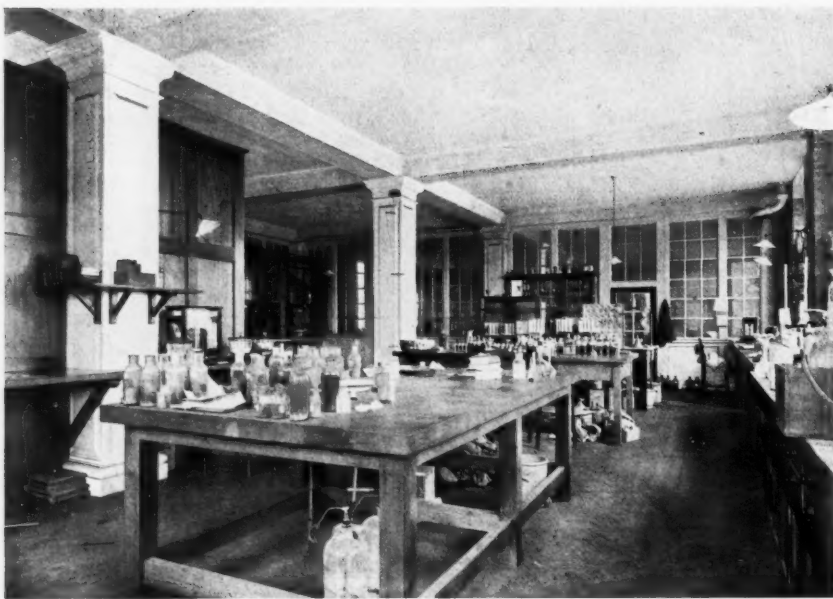
"COUNTRY LIFE."



3.—PHYSICAL LABORATORY.



4.—KJELDAHL ROOM.

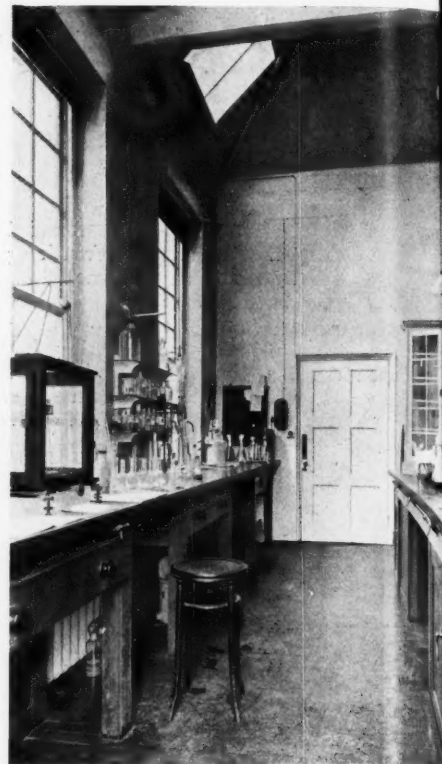


Copyright.

5.—ONE OF THE CHEMICAL LABORATORIES. "COUNTRY LIFE."

it was structurally very unsound, and would have required the expenditure of many hundreds of pounds to have made it permanent; but some pious donor would, no doubt, have overcome that difficulty. The sole reason for taking it down was that it occupied the centre of the island site to which the laboratory is necessarily confined, and in no way could a new laboratory have been built round it.

The development of agriculture and the extension of the educational and advisory sides necessitated a corresponding development of agricultural research, and the new laboratory was therefore inevitable. Plans were drawn up by Messrs. Freeman and Hodgson of Gray's Inn Square, who pieced together the details submitted by the staff and blended them into a coherent whole. The contract was signed a fortnight before the outbreak of war, and was executed during 1914, 1915 and 1916.



6.—BACTERIOLOGICAL LABORATORY.

It is to the credit of the builders (Messrs. F. and H. Thompson of Louth) that they successfully overcame the growing difficulties of labour and supplies, and in spite of rising prices maintained the quality of the work right through to the end. Fig. 1 shows the general style of the exterior. It harmonises with the old Hertfordshire manor houses, happily still left, and fits in admirably with Harpenden Common, which it faces. Fig. 2 shows the entrance hall, on which the architects have been much and justly complimented.

Fig. 5 shows one of the chemical laboratories and gives an excellent idea of the internal arrangements. Benches are built round the walls, but considerable use has been made of well constructed heavy tables of precisely the same height as the benches, movable so as to continue a bench in any desired direction. A chemical laboratory in a research institution must have some

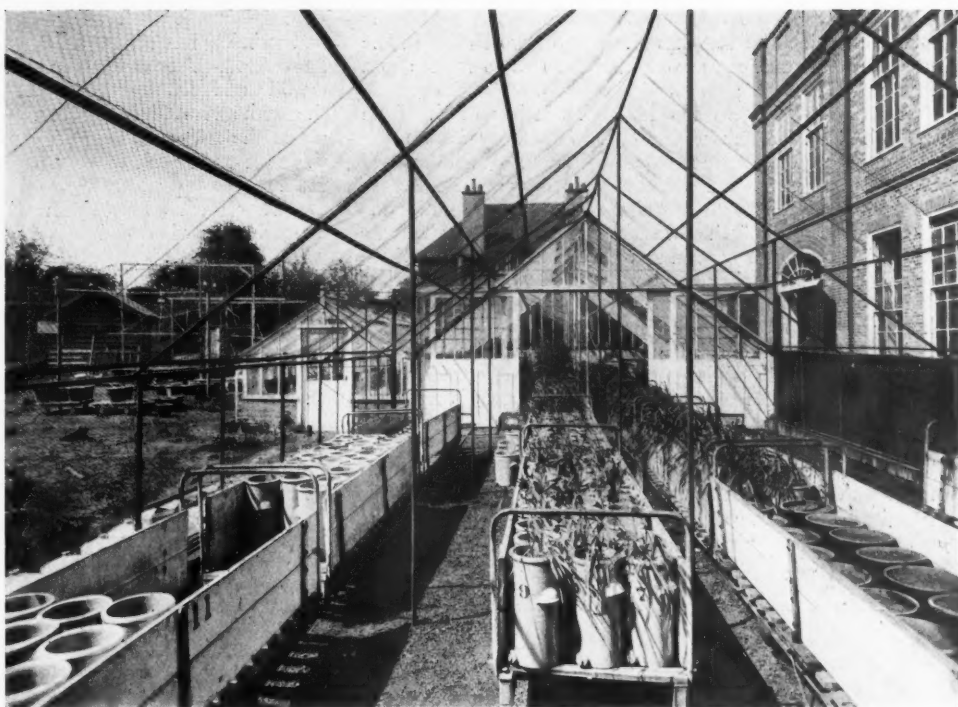
elasticity and allow of considerable rearrangement should the exigencies of an experiment so require.

The benches are of teak, the other fittings are of basswood, of both of which materials the builders were fortunate in securing considerable quantities of high quality and good appearance. Each bench is fitted with (1) gas, (2) water, (3) vacuum, (4) blast of air, (5) electric plug for motor, etc., (6) waste-pipe; each laboratory has also (7) steam, (8) telegraphic circuit, and there is also (9) hot water circulation apparatus. In order to facilitate repairs all these wires and pipes (except the drain) are carried in one and the same channel, covered over with boards that can be easily removed; the drains are on the surface and easily accessible for cleansing, etc.

In order to keep the atmosphere clean all unpleasant work, as far as possible, is done in special rooms, one of which is shown in Fig. 4. The particular process carried on here gives rise to irritating acid fumes; the room is therefore built outside the laboratory in a useful covered yard, and the fumes are carried through the long lead pipe into the main flue.

The bacteriological work (Fig. 6) requires very special equipment. Cleanliness is, above all things, necessary. All piping that would harbour dust is carefully closed in with panels—so fitted, however, that they can easily be removed—and the wood is polished teak or cypress, or else covered with white enamel paint, while the walls are of the material used in hospital wards where frequent cleansing is necessary. In addition there is ample light. Leading out of the main laboratory are two others, one for preparation work and the other for inoculations.

A very different type of room is shown in Fig. 3. This is the physics laboratory, where the new subject of soil physics is being developed and where much is being discovered about the mechanical condition of the soil which plays so great a part in determining tilth. The visitor seeing this work for the first time is surprised to find delicate instruments of the most recent type being used for the study of problems associated with such



Copyright.

7.—PROTECTED EXPERIMENTAL POT CULTURE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

8.—PART OF THE LIBRARY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

apparently cumbersome implements as the plough and the harrow. The physicist also has the use of two rooms in the basement built on a thick bed of concrete so as to reduce to a minimum the disturbing effects of vibrations.

The laboratory is at one end of the chain and the farm at the other. The link next to the laboratory is the pot culture house. Here any laboratory result can be tested rapidly, conveniently and accurately. Large numbers of experiments can be carried out simultaneously and under the constant supervision of the investigator. The pots used are glazed inside and out, excepting only in certain cases where porous pots are used; they are mounted on trucks, so that they can easily be run from the house to the potting room (Fig. 7) or the cage used to keep off the birds.

The next link in the chain is the small experimental plot, to which the successes of the pot culture house are transferred. It may happen that an effect obtained in the pots is not seen in the plots, which means that the effect is liable to be masked by rain, cold weather, subsoil conditions or any of the other factors entering into field work. This is not an uncommon experience, and it accounts for many of the failures in practice of schemes which were thought to be full of promise.

From the small experimental plot to the field plot and thence to farm practice is a long but not necessarily difficult step. Economic considerations now come in, and it may easily happen that an effect, while perfectly good, costs more

than it is worth. The progress from laboratory to field is slow and painful, but all experience shows that no step can safely be omitted. Any attempt at a short cut almost certainly brings trouble and disappointment, not only to the one introducing the method, but to those who have been induced to try it. What a tale the Editor could tell of promises unfulfilled! And yet this is not the fault of science; it arises because the scientific method was not properly used.

Experiments lose much of their value unless they are properly recorded and studied. At Rothamsted there is a recording and statistical staff under a highly competent mathematician, Mr. R. A. Fisher, whose assistant, Miss Mackenzie, has also had a specialised statistical training. The experimental results are here examined by modern statistical methods with a view of extracting from them all that they can be made to yield. These departments are of no pictorial interest, and therefore are not shown.

Finally, there is the library, in which our own and all other experimental results, so far as we are able to collect them, are assembled and catalogued and made available for all whose interest it is to explore them. Part of the library is shown in Fig. 8. Bays open out left and right which contain volumes on agriculture and cognate sciences dating from 1471—the date of the first printed book on the subject—right up to the present day. There are over twelve thousand volumes in seventeen languages, covering many countries and times from Babylonian onwards, and the number increases rapidly.

FIGHTING THE SMOKE NUISANCE

III.—HOW SHOULD THE NEW HOUSES BE HEATED?

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

IT would be very difficult to exaggerate the importance of this question; for, unless a wise and definite decision is arrived at, a great waste of money will be unavoidable. We gather that there has been some already. At least one witness told the Smoke Abatement Committee that the women affected by the housing scheme in his locality, with few exceptions, were all in favour of the cheerful open fireplace, but changed their minds after beholding with their own eyes the superior comfort, ease and cleanliness resulting from the use of a central heating system. Their conversion to that view caused a considerable outlay for alterations that would have been unnecessary if they had been educated to an appreciation of the new plan beforehand.

At any rate, central heating is more for the town than the country. We are referring, of course, to the small houses contemplated by the Government. In rural districts these cottages will be scattered. The calculation of expert witnesses is that from two hundred to five hundred houses standing adjacent to one another would be required to ensure financial success. Distance from the central station is a fatal obstacle, as it would necessitate the pipes being encased in non-conductive material and that in its turn protected from the moisture that would otherwise rot it by a covering enduring and waterproof. Central heating ought to answer very well at Swanpool, near Lincoln, where the firm of Ruston and Proctor is building 2,000 houses. It seems not unlikely that utility societies elsewhere will follow this example, as there is a definite feeling against allowing the large towns to grow by increasing suburbs, and that a space will be allotted for the erection of colonies of small houses, each of which will be a separate community and should offer facilities for carrying out communal services. No doubt, plans will be changed or modified after discussion has brought out the merits and defects of such experiments.

The best guarantee that reforms will be attempted is to be found in the fact that economical considerations will exert an influence in the same direction as zeal for purifying the air. Opinion is changing with regard to the closed ranges which have been so long in vogue. Admittedly the best are those of slow combustion, but the majority simply devour coal—a very serious consideration at present prices. When it is recognised that smoke abatement does not mean increased but decreased outlay it will command support where up to now support has been asked in vain.

As a substitute, Mr. A. H. Baker, a very competent authority, advocated the general use of gas. He holds that in small installations there are only two alternatives, coke and anthracite. The latter he rejects on the ground that there is not enough to go round. Coke, on the other hand, is unsuitable to the majority of kitchen ranges. It will not heat the ovens sufficiently for

cooking. The case is not so bad against the open fire, which cannot, indeed, burn bituminous fuels without producing smoke but may be fed with coke, semi-coke or coalite. Obviously, then, if there is to be no smoke, the kitchen range must be transformed into an open fireplace—an undertaking of formidable dimensions. The alternative is to scrap the kitchen range and take to gas.

It is pretty evident that the country is thinking very much in the same way since during the war, as stated by Mr. Goodenough from knowledge derived from the principal gas undertakings of the country, there have been over six hundred thousand gas appliances installed for domestic centres in London and the principal parts of the country. The Gas Light and Coke Company had the record increase of their output last year; it amounted to the stupendous figure of four thousand million cubic feet.

It may be taken for granted that the majority of those who have introduced gas into the house for domestic purposes are not, to any perceptible degree, actuated by a desire to avoid smoke. They naturally study their own convenience first, and also their own pocket. Gas hitherto has furnished economical fires for rooms, ovens and other purposes. Whether it will continue to do so becomes a doubtful question after the announcement just made by the Gas Light and Coke Company. They have taken the unusual course of raising the price of their product from 4s. 8d. to 5s. 6d. per thousand cubic feet without the usual quarter's notice. The rise, in fact, began on January 25th. The statement explaining the reason for this action deserves the most careful consideration. They claim that the previous increase in the price of gas—eighty-seven per cent.—is less than the increase in other household and industrial necessities. Why it was not raised was because of the income drawn from the by-products of coke, tar and sulphate of ammonia. Of these, coke for export is the most important and there has been a considerable slump in it. The importance of this branch of revenue may be gauged by the fact that the receipts from it last year amounted to £4,800,000 as against £1,250,000 in 1913. The benefit went to the consumers, as for fifteen months the price of gas was stationary at 4s. 8d. and no higher dividends were paid to shareholders. The fall in the price of coke, and the greatly lessened demand and consequent decrease in price for tar and its products and sulphate of ammonia are no doubt traceable to the lethargy in world business brought about by general poverty. At the same time the gas experts are calculating on a rise in the price of coal in the home market, brought about by the increase in the miners' wages and in the falling off in the price of exported coal. This revolutionary change in the financial situation as it affects the company has come about with extraordinary and startling

rapidity, "as a result of the world-wide depression in trade, the state of the foreign exchanges, the abnormally mild winter, and the increased supply of coal, partly from our own mines, partly from Germany and America." Unless industry is altogether doomed, however, we cannot believe that these factors in the situation are of a permanent character. Behind the depression in trade there is still an extraordinary and unprecedented need of commodities. It is the difficulty in finding money that is keeping purchasers back. That will be mitigated as time goes on by increased production—the only way of swelling the capital of any individual or any company. Even now, although gas has risen in price, it has not done so more than other fuels and illuminants, so that the relative position remains very much the same as before. The householder will probably still find it suits his purpose to buy. There is one great saving in gas which will always be advantageous—that is, that it costs very little for transport. For carrying coal, even when one is in a position to do it oneself, there are the heavy wages of the men employed to be taken into account. They have greatly enlarged the difference between the price of coal at the pit mouth and at delivery. In addition to this consideration, gas is saving as compared with the coal fire, inasmuch as there is less waste and less dirt and dust, thus lowering the expense of keeping the house clean. Of course, the electric light, encased in glass, is still cleaner than gas, but it is also much more expensive, so that it will tend to become more and more a luxury of the rich which the poor cannot afford—unless, indeed,

there should come about some great cheapening of production. It is not to the credit of the British nation that electricity, is less commonly used in this country than it was in Germany before the war or is in the United States to-day. Another advantage that commends the use of gas is that it is, like oil, absolutely under control. If the housewife uses it for cooking, she can adjust the heat exactly to her purpose and leave it burning for a given time with the knowledge that it will neither burst into a sudden flame nor die out, as a coal fire does. Many working women who have also to prepare the food for a household find it extremely convenient to have a fire that will keep, say, a stew slowly simmering for hours, without boiling dry or needing attention. The objections that used to be taken to gas have very largely been got rid of, as the various companies have really striven very hard, during the last ten or twenty years, to perfect their fuel. They got rid both of the bad odour and of that drying of the air which used to be prejudicial to health. The latter has been attained by a greater knowledge of radiancy. What that means may be understood by anyone who, on a cold day, nevertheless feels the genial warmth of the sun. The rays pass through the air without warming it to any great extent and only produce that effect when they encounter an obstacle. In earlier days the cruder forms of gas heating appliances produced heat in the room by actually heating the air in it. Nowadays fifty per cent. of the warmth is produced by radiancy, and this improvement has done a great deal to get rid of the old objection to gas.

THE HILL MEN

BY WILL H. OGILVIE.



"Here is the Master of Hounds . . . and here is the Whip."

Mark you, that group as it stands by the stell!—

Here is no ponderous pride,

Here is no swagger, no place for the swell,

But a handful of fellows who'll ride

A fox to his death over upland and fell

Where a hundred good foxes have died.

Here is the Master of Hounds—take note!—

On a rough horse run on the farm;

And here is the Whip in a rusty coat

With a terrier under his arm,

And a holloa hid in his rough, red throat

To work hill-foxes harm.

And here is the pack, from their benches torn

Long ever the cocks had crowed,

To follow the hint of the Master's horn

Through the mist of the moorland road;

Half of them lame, with pads red-worn

On the scree where the shingle showed.

And here's the covert! No woodland wide

But a bunch of stunted whin:

A place where a mouse could hardly hide

Or a spider have room to spin.

The Master, up in his stirrups to ride,

Is cheering them "Eleu, in!"



"A great hill-fox running right in view."

Scarce have they quested a quarter through
 With their sterns all waving gay,
 When the hills are rent with a hullabaloo
 And the fellow they want is away—
 A great hill-fox running right in view
 With his mask to the Merlin Brae.

Up by the glidders he glides and goes
 To his stronghold under the scar,
 But a shepherd was there ere the sun-god rose
 And his door shows bolt and bar,
 So he turns his head to the south; he knows
 It is time to go fast and far.

Over the top come the lean white hounds
 Screaming to scent and view;
 The hills are waked to their furthest bounds
 As they clamour and drive him through,
 And the joy of the far-flung challenge sounds
 Till it shivers against the blue.

Then a clatter of hoofs. The Master first
 Crouched low on his cat-foot grey—
 "If we don't get him now in the first quick burst
 We'll be riding the hills all day!"
 Says the Whip: "That's the cove from the Brackenhurst
 That carried Bob's lambs away!"



"Over the top come the lean white hounds."

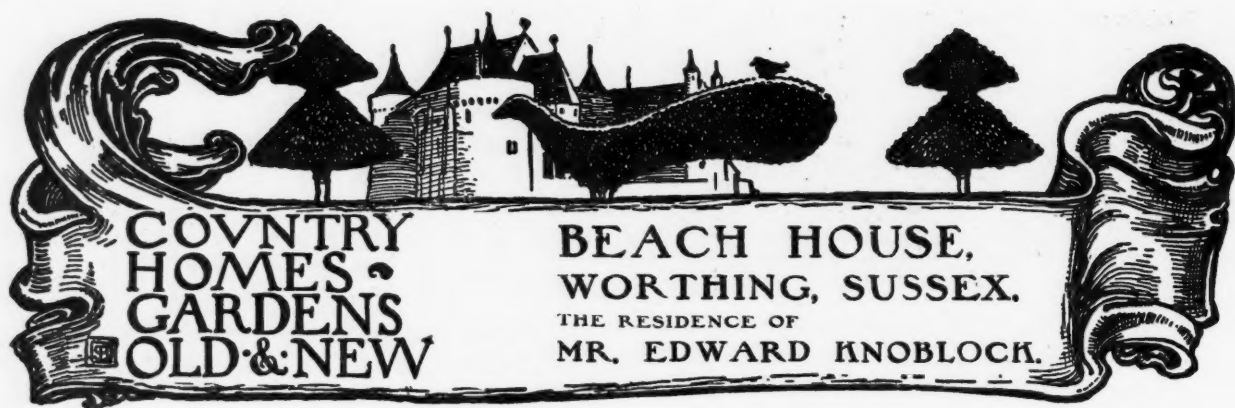


"Bob . . . comes slithering over the screes."

"Faith, and it is!" Bob, riding blind,
Comes slithering over the screes,
His pony now on its fat behind
And now on its battered knees—
"He had legs as long as a foal, I mind,
And a trunk as big as a tree's!"

Says Bill: "There's a stranger stuck in the bog
With nowt but his head in sight,
And there he may lie like a drain-fast hog
Till the hounds come back at night.
Look ye, man Dave, at yon old white dog
Going over the top—yon's right!"

A holloa breaks from the hills ahead
And an answering "For'ard on!"
There's a clatter down in the burn's rough bed:
Then the mist drops weird and wan;
The rubble rings to a clinking tread
Far off;—and the hunt is gone.



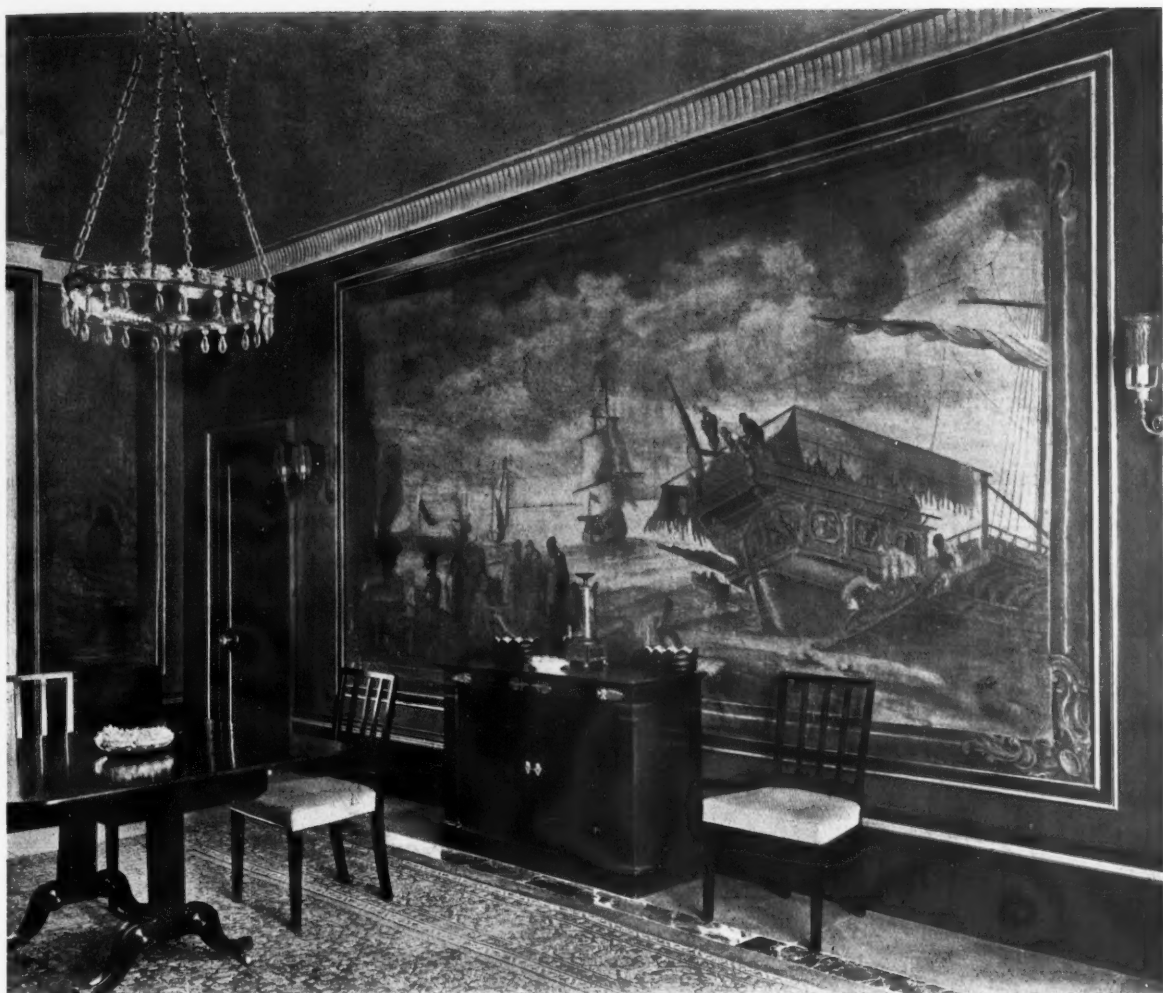
SUSSEX watering-places have need to be grateful to the House of Hanover. If Brighton regarded the Prince Regent as its lawful monarch right through the nineteenth century until our King Edward renewed its Royal glories, the gentler Worthing owes a like debt to the fifteenth and last of George III's family, the Princess Amelia. She first sought health there in 1797—not very successfully, for she died in 1810—and Worthing was then only a mean little fishing village, a hamlet of Broadwater which it has now overflowed. When Horsfield wrote his history of Sussex in 1835 he was merry at the thought that not so long before there was no house in Worthing of a greater rental than forty shillings a year. If a man had a cottage there he could have the adjoining acre for a garden at no greater cost than five gallons of brandy, a very pretty currency for deals in landed estate. (Horsfield had forgotten the Earl of Warwick's house, built about 1750, but it is a pity to spoil his brandy story.) So, all hail to Princess Amelia, who found a village boasting no more than a thousand inhabitants when the nineteenth century opened, Brighton then being on the way to eight thousand. By 1830 Worthing had crept up to 4,500 and Brighton to 40,000. To-day Worthing is still modest with 30,000, while Brighton has 100,000 more. And history has repeated itself in the matter of Royal favour, for when King Edward stayed so much at Brighton he would go over to Worthing and sit in the garden of Beach House, then tenanted by the Lodgers, to take the gentle Sussex air. If Worthing owes its polite aspect to a princess, it has obligations of a solid sort to the tomato, which occupies scores of acres of glasshouses near the town. Odd that this "tender annual," as a dictionary pleasantly calls it, should have come to England from South America only a year later than the potato and taken so long to capture public taste; but that is by the way.

Worthing has other memories than of princesses and tomatoes. It was here that Oscar Wilde wrote "The Importance

of Being Earnest," and here in 1901 that Henley penned his moving dedication to "Hawthorn and Lavender"—fit precursors to so accomplished a dramatist as Mr. Knoblock.

The story of Beach House is slight enough. Diligent search in rate-books does not reveal when it was built, but a Mr. Elves built it in a cornfield which is now a matured garden somewhere, we may assume, about 1820 or 1830. In 1846 it came into the possession of Sir Frederick Roe, a Bow Street magistrate; later on the Lodgers, and finally Mr. Knoblock bought it. Long uninhabited, it had wilted under years of neglect, and then suffered the savage pains of military occupation during the war. From acute physical disgrace it had to be rescued by the subtle taste of Mr. Knoblock and the skill of his architect, Mr. Maxwell Ayrton. That the partnership of these two enthusiasts has made Beach House into a very characteristic and unusual thing the pictures sufficiently attest. Mr. Knoblock, as is not unnatural in one who lived long in Paris, studied over many years the decorative arts of France with especial reference to the Empire manner, and has long been a discriminating collector of its product, in days when it was out of fashion and furniture with metal inlay was banished to the attic or the kitchen. In the remodelling of Beach House the task was to make not only a house of great comfort, but a background for a collection of notable things ranging from about 1790 to 1830. Such few alterations as the structure needed are shown by hatched lines on the plan (Fig. 9), chief of them being the new west wall of the ante-room, now covered by delightful glass panels painted (on the back) with enchanting architectural and other subjects by Mr. William Nicholson. Very attractive, too, are the great panels of ships in the dining-room, French alternatives for tapestry. They are painted in vivid colours in oils on canvas and are probably pre-Napoleon. The picture frames are part of the paintings, and Mr. Ayrton has enclosed them with a flattish moulding in brown with a





Copyright

2.—THE DINING-ROOM. EAST SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

3.—THE DINING-ROOM. WEST SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

gilt member. Perhaps, the library is the most characteristic room in the house. The walls are painted with "hangings" of camel-hair brown with Wedgwood blue above, and make an admirable background to Empire furniture of singular charm. The great bookcase, the tri-ped table and other items came from the Deepdene sale when so many of the Hope treasures

be obtained printed paper panels of military scenes of the Empire which harmonise perfectly with the furniture. One of them illustrates the death of General Lannes at the battle of Essling in 1809. As acquired, the scenes formed a continuous picture; but, not being enough to cover the walls, they were cut up into panels. Attention may be drawn to the carpet, white on old



Copyright.

4.—THE INNER HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

were dispersed, so that they strike the authentic note of Thomas Hope. The table, indeed, is figured in his book. Perhaps, the most notable of all the pieces is the very Egyptian armchair (Fig. 13).

In the drawing-room the French note is stressed. Mr. Knoblock was so fortunate as to find that in Paris there may still

rose, which came from the Hamilton Palace sale. Nowhere have Mr. Knoblock and Mr. Ayrton been more successful than in the bedrooms, where everything, down to the water-jugs in the bathrooms, is faithfully of the period which they understand so well. Beach House is Mr. Knoblock's second adventure in this manner, the first being the redecoration of his chambers



Copyright.

5.—IN THE DRAWING ROOM.

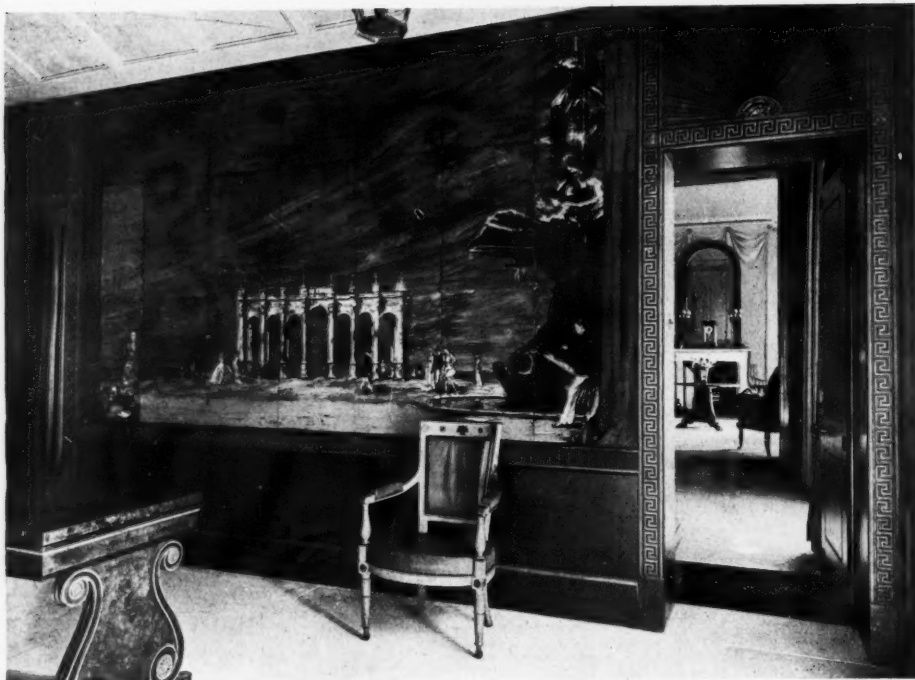
"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

6.—THE PAINTED LIBRARY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

7.—PAINTED GLASS PANELLING IN THE ANTE-ROOM. "COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

8.—ANTE-ROOM PAINTINGS BY WILLIAM NICHOLSON. "COUNTRY LIFE."

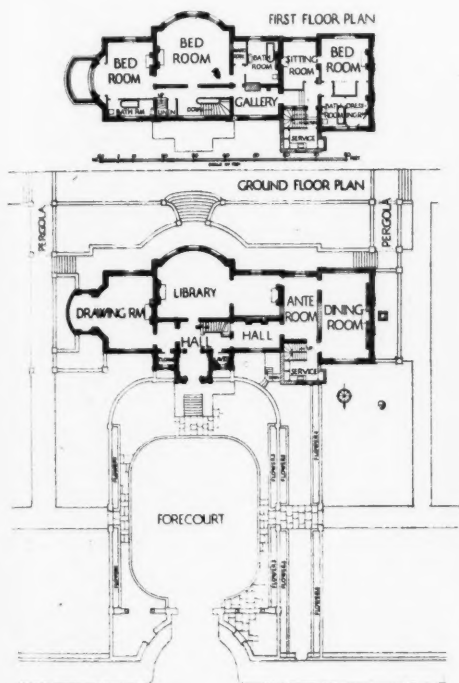
in the Albany, also full of appropriate furniture. But Beach House could not have achieved so convincing an atmosphere but for the good fortune that the final dispersion of the Hope heirlooms, which took place in September, 1917, at the Deepdene sale, delivered into his hand so many pieces by Thomas Hope, who is in some sort the invisible presence in every room. It happened that the sale catalogue did not identify any of the Thomas Hope pieces with their designer, which made them fall an easier prey to Mr. Knoblock than if their pedigree had been bruited abroad.

Hope had not, perhaps, the true furniture-making sense of George Oakley, whose pieces, made for Papworth Hall in the same spirit but with more appreciation of traditional craftsmanship and less knowledge of recondite forms, are more nearly in the true line of development. Not unnaturally, Hope's friendship with Percier threw him into the French manner and made his design the work of a learned connoisseur rather than of a man devising forms out of a sense of material. He leaned, therefore, rather to the true Empire manner than to what is clumsily but conveniently called English Empire, and more accurately English Regency.

It is always difficult to ascribe a new movement to an individual, probably always untrue, for a new fashion is the outcome of wider influences than one man's learning or fancy. And there is this difference between decorative developments during the last 200 years and those of earlier ages: the former were often the result of an archaeological or literary fashion rather than of the impetus towards new ideas given by a master designer. Thomas Hope and Horace Walpole stand on a very different footing to Robert Adam and Inigo Jones. The latter two men had a genius for design, and, although they drank at the fount of antiquity, their own works show the force of large and original minds which would have found notable expression in any case. The buildings attributed to Inigo Jones in his pre-Palladian manner were notable contributions to the Jacobean tradition. The work at Hatchlands, although it lacks the mastery and personal quality of Robert Adam's later achievement, shows that early training under his father William Adam had developed a power of design independent of the qualities based on study of Diocletian's Palace. With men of the calibre of Horace Walpole and Thomas Hope it was otherwise. Without ability to design anything, Walpole created a fashion for

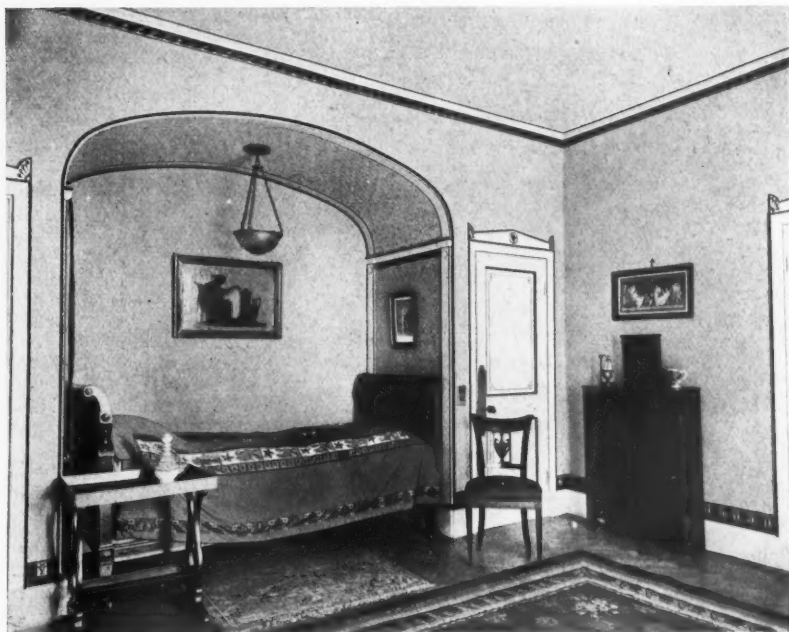
Gothic which seems now almost ludicrous in its divorce from mediæval work. He supplied merely the literary fancy and the idea of re-creating a dandified romanticism in terms of architecture and decoration. Someone else had the task of designing a bookcase in the manner of a Plantagenet tomb. Walpole's business was to popularise the notion among his fashionable friends. The fact that his voracious interest in artistic questions did not carry him the length of recognising the genius of Robert Adam shows that it was the romantic associations of architecture and not the thing itself which gripped him. No one need depreciate Horace Walpole for this, but it has to be recognised that he helped largely to destroy tradition as the mainspring of architectural development and to put mere fashion in its place. Perhaps as it has certainly become more various; equally certainly he helped it in the middle of the eighteenth century to an incoherence from which it has never recovered.

Thomas Hope is revealed as a more serious though less influential a figure in the later development of the classical tradition. A widely travelled and wealthy



9.—FIRST AND GROUND FLOOR PLANS.

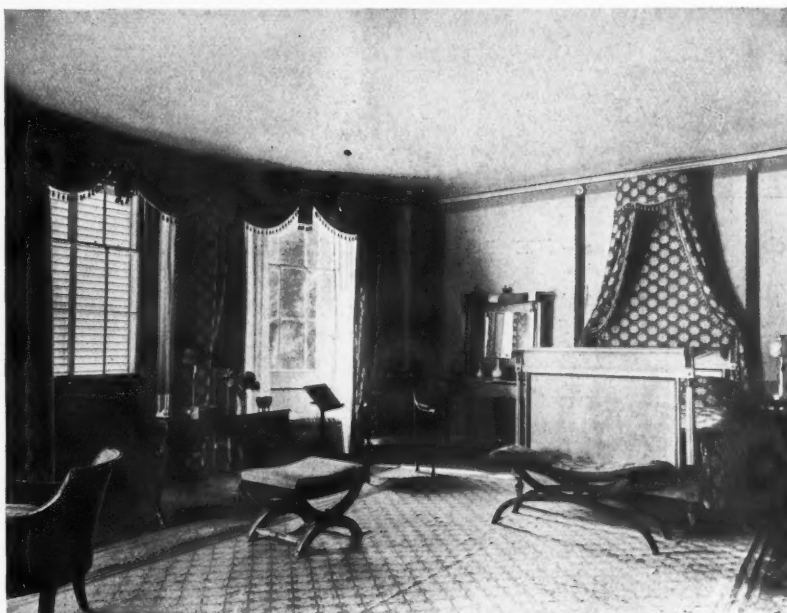
amateur, not only did he record the architecture he had seen with a great facility, though with an uninspiring wiry line, but he showed a real gift for juggling with classical elements and making of them furniture designs which may fairly be called original, as they are certainly scholarly. Heredity seems to have played a part in forming his abilities. Descended from one Henry Hope, who deserted the practice of Scottish law, pursued with such skill by his brother and nephews during the seventeenth century, and settled down to trading in Amsterdam, Thomas Hope was born rich. His father was a great collector of pictures housed in a costly mansion which he built near Haarlem. Beginning the study of architecture as a child, Thomas travelled for eight years in Europe, Egypt and the Near East, and would never, perhaps, have settled in England but that the French occupation of Holland drove his family from Haarlem about 1796. The fruits of his travels appeared not only in the great collection of antique sculptures and vases but in the



Copyright.

10.—A BED RECESS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

11.—THE PRINCIPAL BEDROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

12.—THE DRAWING-ROOM BAY.

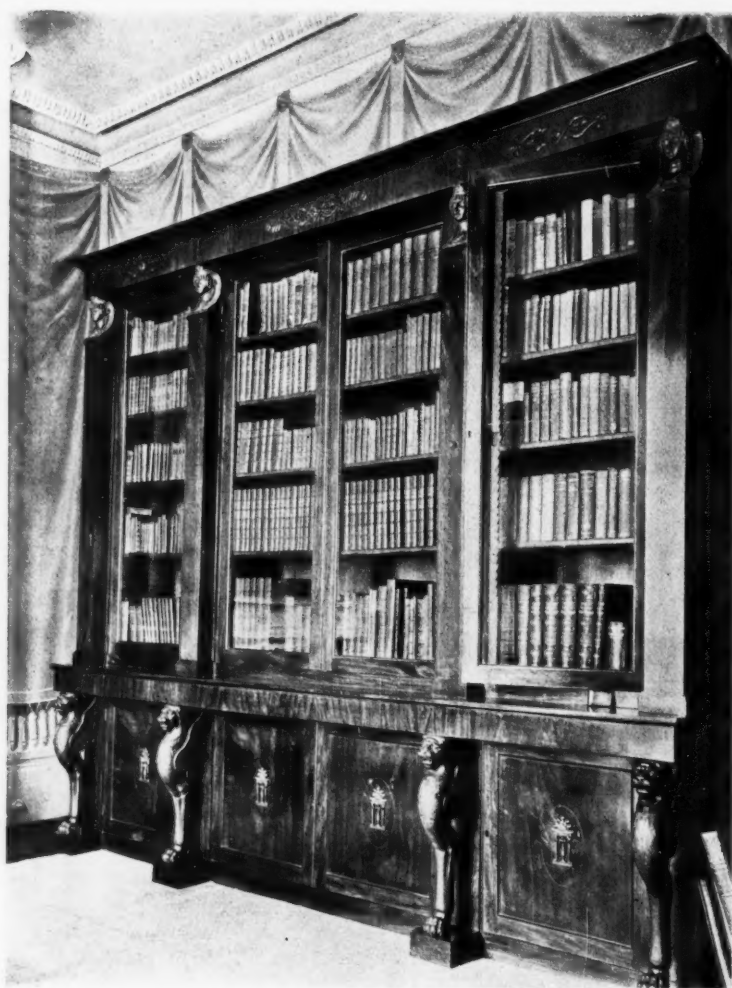
"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

13.—THE EGYPTIAN MANNER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

14.—A THOMAS HOPE BOOKCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

"Historical Essay on Architecture," with the writing of which he amused himself, though it was not published until 1835, four years after his death. The book reveals a highly cultivated mind, and if his vehement criticism of Michelangelo reads rather oddly now, it was natural enough in a man who worshipped the static qualities of Greek and Egyptian art. He transmitted his love of architecture to his son, A. J. Beresford-Hope, whose "English Cathedrals of the Nineteenth Century" reveals a devout acceptance of the Gothic Revival. But Thomas Hope's claim to fame rests neither on his peripatetic observations of architecture nor on his long-forgotten Greek romance "Anastasius," published anonymously in 1819, but on his "Household Furniture and Decoration," which appeared in 1807. "Anastasius" was believed to have come from Byron's pen, and the poet wept bitterly (according to his own story) when he read it, for two reasons, "one that he had not written it and the other that Hope had," and dismissed Hope in a poem with "House-furnisher withal, one Thomas hight." After a *Blackwood's* reviewer had been scornful at the suggestion that Hope, "a very respectable and decorous gentleman" who wrote "with some endeavour" about furniture could have turned out such Byronic stuff, the worm turned and Hope avowed the authorship. Sydney Smith's politeness in the *Edinburgh Review* was double-edged, for he wondered that "the man of chairs and tables, the gentleman of sofas" could compete so successfully with Byron and Tacitus! I do not pretend to have read "Anastasius," nor, after ploughing through the pompous page-long sentences in the Introduction to "Household Furniture," do I propose to try; but the whirligig of time has brought its revenges. The *Edinburgh Review* ridiculed the "very respectable gentleman's" essays in furniture design as frivolous, a queer word to apply to Hope's rather frigid inventions, but his work may yet create a new fashion over a century after it was dismissed so lightly. Hope's furniture book was, in effect, an illustrated record of his own work in furnishing Deepdene at Dorking, Surrey, in a manner appropriate to the classical collections in which he must have sunk no small amount of his ample fortune. The house was enlarged to receive his treasures, and it is only lately that the collections which he made here and in his town house were finally dispersed, some having been sold in his lifetime and in 1849. Not only did he collect ancient sculpture wisely but was a lavish patron of Canova, Thorwaldsen, Flaxman and other revivers of the Greek manner. The Introduction to his book on Household Furniture shows him ambitious in a rather fine way to re-create a school of design which would yield "a nobler species of labour" to men who "through the entire substitution of machinery to manual labour, in the fabrication of many of the most extensive articles of common life, had for ever lost the inferior kinds of employment." This is like a William Morris born out of due time. "Thus I hoped to open to ingenuity a new and boundless field, in which the greater number of artists, who though qualified to rise above the sphere of the mere artisan, yet are not sufficiently gifted to reach the highest province of the fine arts, might find an ample source of such employment as, without being of the most exalted description, were yet, to a certain degree, elegant and dignified" . . . and so on copiously without a full stop. It is odd to read a more than century old complaint of machinery ousting handwork. We have now got to the point of recognising that machinery must fill its place and that education must be employed to ensure that machine-made articles shall be beautiful while confessing their provenance. That, indeed, is the *raison d'être* of the Design and Industry Association.

But we must leave Thomas Hope and turn into the garden, a broad lawn stretching from the house to the sea front, from which it is divided by a raised terrace and a wall of moderate height. Here one may survey the gaiety of a typical English beach with children playing, and in a moment withdraw

into the entire peace of the garden. Nothing could be pleasanter than the great sweep of lawn flanked on either side by groves of ilex. Sitting on the terrace of the house it is difficult to believe that on the other side of the wall enclosing the lawn, and between it and the sea, there are all the activities of a busy watering-place. On the sunny autumn day which I spent there it was more like the Italian Riviera than the south coast of England. Long neglect had allowed the kitchen garden, with its pleached fig walks and a little grove of trees, to grow ragged, but Mr. Knoblock is putting it in order and is creating, moreover, a little garden theatre with trimmed hedges, in which one already sees Titania coquetting and Puck alighting from putting a girdle round the earth. Near by is a delightful touch of sentiment in a stately vase on a pedestal with bas-reliefs of (I think) "Tiny" and "Flo," a dogs' grave which will long keep

their memory green. It is approached by a wiggly Victorian path which so exactly suited the sentiment that a plea for a more formal approach was justly reprobated and dismissed. At the west end of the house is a piece of more serious and, indeed, very beautiful garden sculpture in lead, Miss Knoblock's figure of a nude woman with a fish, which stands on a grass platform about 2ft. high. Anyone who knows Miss Knoblock's remarkable gifts as a sculptor must wish that she will, now that her war activities are over, return to her studio. Her gem-like little wax figure of Florence Nightingale is one of the things that wise people remember with increasing pleasure. On the entrance side of the house Mr. Maxwell Ayrton has devised with consummate skill a forecourt which gives a touch of dignified modernity to as pretty a presentment of the art of the Regency as one may find in England. X.

STUDIES IN CHARACTER

BY CHARLES MARRIOTT.

IF the test of portraiture is that you shall be interested in the subjects as human beings, the tenth Exhibition of the National Portrait Society, at the Grafton Galleries, is above the average of its kind. There is probably nothing in it that can be called a masterpiece of painting, but at every tenth canvas or so you find yourself stopping to wonder who and what the person represented may be. This means at least thirty pictures with the abiding interest of human character. Some of them are close together. In the very

first room, for example, there are three in succession which detain you at the instinctively close range which means that they have awakened your curiosity as well as caught your eye: "Thomas Hardy, Esq., O.M.," by M. Jacques Blanche, "Miss Jekyll," by Mr. William Nicholson, and "The Rev. W. H. Hornby Steer, M.A.," by Mr. P. Wilson Steer.

Everybody knows who Mr. Thomas Hardy is, but not everybody has seen a portrait of him which "explains" "The Return of the Native" and "The Dynasts." Certainly



"THE WHITE MANTILLA," BY AUGUSTUS JOHN.

none of his photographs would prepare you for their power and range. This picture does. You see at a glance that it is not only the portrait of a great man, but of a great man in the world of imagination. This is all the more remarkable when you consider that it was painted by a Frenchman. Not that the French are indifferent to literary genius, but that the works of Mr. Hardy are not of the sort best calculated to impress the French mind. It means that M. Blanche has put into his painting of Mr. Hardy not what he read in his works but what he felt in his presence; so that it is a first-hand interpretation of character and genius all the more convincing for the lack of what may be called hearsay evidence.

The portrait of "Miss Jekyll" is an even more striking illustration of character, because the identity of the subject is not so immediately evident. But there can be no question of a remarkable personality, combining shrewdness, humour and a mixture of wide sympathy and practical ability which leaves you for a moment at a loss. Then you remember "Home and Garden," "Wall and Water Gardens," "Colour in the Flower Garden," and "Gardens for Small Country Houses" and say: "Of course!" This is the portrait of a Nature-lover with active powers as well as passive sensibility.

Before the portrait by Mr. Steer you instinctively adopt a still closer range because the understanding expressed in it is of a more intimate kind, and the actual painting is more reserved. There is even in it a trace of hesitation, as if the artist were working well within his powers of explicit statement. Taken together these three portraits determine your attitude to the exhibition, and you know that your enjoyment of it is not to be snatched in passing from the walls. You come to the conclusion, indeed, that the merits of modern portraiture are to be found more in the reading of character than in the broad statement of likeness in a decorative design.

A glance at the older works, at "Her Majesty Queen Alexandra," by Winterhalter, lent by Her Majesty from Marlborough House, at "Portrait of Miss Mallory," by William Etty, and even at "Portrait of Mrs. Ricketts," by Mr. John Sargent, confirms this judgment. Their merits are of an entirely different kind from those to be found in most of the modern works. You are much more inclined to discuss them in general pictorial terms, in terms of form and colour, than in terms of character. To put it crudely, you stand further away from the walls to look at them, as if the subjects belonged to the pageant of life rather than to its homely associations.

One of the few recent works which combines character with an emphatic design is the portrait of "Lucien Pissarro, Esq.," by Mr. William Strang; and then you see that part of the character is in the design. That is to say, Mr. Pissarro is as familiar by his hat and cloak as by his features, and familiar, probably, to a great many people who do not know who he actually is: one of our most distinguished painters and decorators of beautiful books. The use that Mr. Strang has made of his unusual opportunity helps to explain the part played by costume in determining the merits of portraiture at particular periods. In painting men, except in uniform or official robes, the modern painter is almost driven to concentrate upon the head, with an intensive instead of an extensive culture of the personality.

Intensive culture is certainly the term to describe the very beautiful head of "Mrs. John MacWhirter," by Mr. Charles Sims. Both in subtlety of expression and quality of paint this is one of the most memorable things in the exhibition. Possibly owing to the lack of opportunity for "swagger" designs which modern costume and modern housing afford, our painters seem to be turning their attention to the surface quality which can be appreciated at close range. "Mrs. Forbes" and "Lydia," by Mr. Walter W. Russell, the two Arab heads, by Mr. Glyn W. Philpot, "Lois," by Mr. Harold Knight, "Ernest Thesiger, Esq.," by Mr. Gerald F. Kelly, and "Mrs. Harold Phillips," by Mr. Charles Sims, again, are all, in greater or less degree, examples of this tendency.

The six portraits by Mr. Augustus John have something different: the quality which comes not by coaxing, so to speak, but by leaving the workmanship frankly exposed, and letting it go at that. They are the most obviously "painted" portraits in the room, though not in the least "painty," because the brushwork is unerringly true in direction and value. These pictures also are full of character, but it is conveyed directly in the painting, as it is in some novels by speech and action in the telling of the story, instead of by what is called analysis. "The Lady Tredegar" has not only the character of personality, but that of acute interest either in the painter himself or in some subject of conversation between him and the sitter. In "The White Mantilla" you can sympathise with the pleasure of the painter in balancing the tones of the dusky skin and ivory lace, and "A Glass of Wine" has given him an opportunity for the decorative design which he too rarely indulges in his portraits.

This by no means exhausts the list of good portraits in the exhibition. "The Author of Modern Sculpture," by Mr. Angelo Guevara, adds to the character of the head that which is expressed in surroundings; and in "Michael Cardinal Logue," by Sir John Lavery, and "George S. Yuill, Esq.," by Sir William Orpen, two of our leading painters are to be seen at their full powers.

BRITWELL COURT LIBRARY

THE second and final portion of the great library of Britwell Court, the property of Mr. S. R. Christie-Miller, has been purchased for a client by Messrs. Quaritch and will not now, of course, be offered publicly. This is all to the good in that it ensures that this collection of books of divinity of the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, many of which are exceedingly rare, will not now run any risk of being taken out of Great Britain. It includes many valuable translations of the works of the great reformers of the Continent—Luther, Melancthon, Erasmus, and others—and the works of the famous controversialists of the Reformation period, English, Scottish and German. Merely to run through a list of the titles of the books and the names of their authors enables us to conjure up a picture of the theological strife which raged in that day, and to form an accurate judgment on the religious life of the reigns of Henry VIII, Elizabeth and Mary, and also to determine what subjects called forth most discussion.

A little known Puritan divine, John Knewstubb, whose "Lectures upon Exodus" is included, was one of a group of controversialists hailing from St. John's College, Cambridge, and the writer of a "Confutation of monstrous and horrible Heresies," taught by Henry Nicholas, the founder of a community known as the Family of Love—a curious sect without dogmas, whose elders and founder considered themselves free from sin and whose essential doctrine was the Love of humanity. Nicholas's "Terra Pacis" deserves mention because it is said to have suggested to John Bunyan the scheme of his "Pilgrim's Progress," and, therefore, takes an important place in the history of books. Of Bunyan's we find two first editions of the greatest rarity included—"The Holy City," 1665, and "Derences in Judgment about Water Baptism, 1673." There is, however, no copy of Bunyan's greatest work. Of the seventeenth century books, the "Pilgrim's Progress" is probably one of the scarcest, a proof of its immense popularity. It must have been read and re-read, and handed on from one home to another until it passed quite out of existence. The only known perfect copy of the first edition was sold for over £1,400 some years ago, and is, we believe, in a private collection in America.

When we turn to the works of the anti-Reformation party in the English church we are confronted with two names familiar to everyone in English history—the celebrated Bishops John Fisher and Stephen Gardiner. There is a sermon by the former "agayn ye pernicious doctryn of Martin Luther," with a delightful woodcut of the bishop preaching, a small quarto of exceptional interest printed by Wynkyn de Worde; and Gardiner's "Explication of the true Catholique fayth," 1551.

If a cursory glance at the English books in this collection discloses the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in England so clearly, how much more do the works of Erasmus, Luther, Melancthon, Musculus and Nausea reveal what was happening on the Continent of Europe. The works in the list of the first three—the greatest Reformers—would adorn any library; the other two also claim our attention because they were active lesser lights, and their life histories are not devoid of romance and adventure. Of Nausea an "entirely unrecorded" sermon, translated into English, is in the Britwell Court Library. (It is bound up with Sir T. More's "Apologye.") Nausea, after a career in the Universities of Leipzig, Pavia and Padua, and a varied life in many important cures, gained the good will of the Holy Roman Emperor Ferdinand by his collection of homilies, and ten years later represented Ferdinand at the Council of Trent. Another characteristic figure of this period—contemporary with Nausea—was Musculus, of whose book, the "Temporisour," there are two copies, 1555 and 1584. Musculus was the son of a poor cooper. Not wishing to follow the trade of his father he took his staff and set out with eagerness to acquire knowledge. At the age of fifteen his beautiful voice attracted the notice of some Benedictines, who induced him to enter their monastery. The opportunity for study appealed to Musculus. His diligence and perseverance in course of time conquered every obstacle until, at the age of thirty-four, he was elected prior, notwithstanding Lutheran tendencies. But he had no vocation for monastic life and, in spite of his advancement, he left the Order, married and became a weaver. Meeting, however, with the Reformer Martin Bucer, he renewed his studies and accepted finally a "living" in Augsburg. From that time forward he became an active member in the councils of the Reformers and was invited to England by Cranmer.

There are many other rarities, such as the editions of Thomas à Kempis "Imitation of Christ," 1535 and 1567; Catherine Parr's "Prayers," 1556, and the Proverbs of Solomon, 1532, and a beautiful example of a binding by Archbishop Parker's own binder.

CHINESE ART IN ENGLAND

VI.—PORCELAIN OF THE EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

By R. L. HOBSON.

THE first year of the seventeenth century saw the foundation of the English East India Company, and shortly afterwards we find English merchants established at Gombroon, on the mainland opposite the island of Ormus, which lies at the entrance of the Persian Gulf. Ormus, held by a Portuguese garrison, had long been one of the richest *entrepôts* of Eastern trade, and we may conclude that the English at Gombroon were now in a position to take a hand

now cruised as far as the East Indies and occasionally snapped up a Portuguese prize laden with Chinese goods. Many of these exploits are retailed in "Purchas his Pilgrimes," such as the capture in 1607 of a "Portugal ship at the Island of Selon," which carried "China Porseline fine and coarse; but your great Basons with brims are the best"; and again in 1611 the capture of a "Portugall ship of 300 tunnes" in whose cargo were "ten Fats of China Dishes."

Chinese porcelain had now become fairly familiar to the English public and it was evidently regarded as superior metal. Thus in Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," written in 1604, the merits of a fruit dish are discussed in the following terms—"Your honours have seen such dishes. They are not China dishes, but very good dishes." A further stage is indicated in Ben Jonson's "Silent Women," written five years later—"To watch when ladies go to the China houses," showing that we have actually got so far as China shops already. Again, a list of the effects of Lady Dorothy Shirley in 1620 included "purslin stuffe, Chinie stuffe, two dozen of purslin dishes"; and the inventory of the Comtesse de Soissons in 1644 mentions "65 pièces de vaisselle de pourcelaine, tant grandes que petites, avec deux bouteilles ou flacons aussi de pourcelaine."

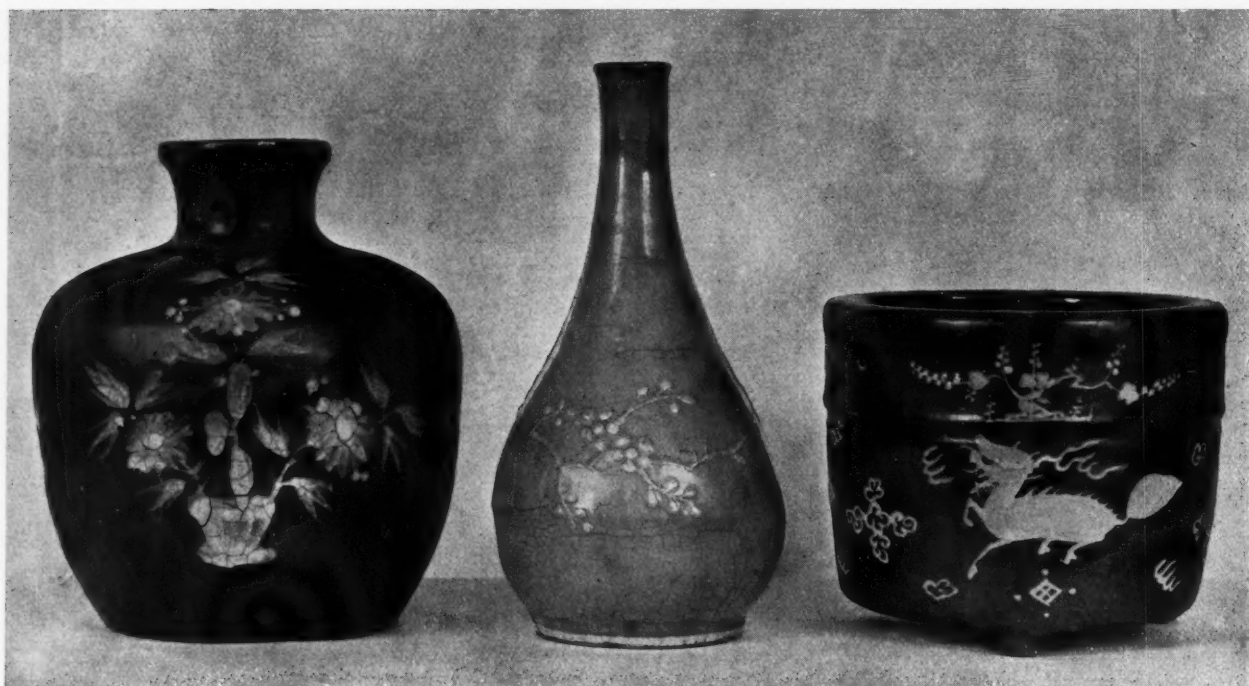
There must have been a considerable quantity of late Ming porcelain in England at this time, and it can hardly be doubted that some of it has survived to tell the tale to those who are able to understand it. When it has been brought from its hiding place by the discerning collector it will doubtless be found to belong mainly to the types described in our previous articles. But there is another small group which should be included before the list is closed. This is of a different type from the rest with a distinctive decoration, which is illustrated by Figs. 2, 3 and 4, worked up by the brush in low relief in a white porcelain paste against a coloured background. The process is precisely that which that clever artist, the late M. L. Solon, at Minton's factory, elaborated in recent years in his exquisite *pâte sur pâte*. In Fig. 2 the background is a dark blue glaze, in Fig. 4 a deep coffee brown, and in Fig. 3 again it is celadon green; and the brown jar (Fig. 4) has under its base the mark of the "Jade Hall," which is found on a variety of late Ming porcelains (Figs. 5 and 6). This slip-decorated ware, which has no mean value as decoration, was evidently a favourite in the Persian market, to judge from the proportion of the known examples which have hailed from that country. But it is clear that it was also sent to England in the seventeenth century, for Lord Swaythling's collection of mounted porcelains includes a small jar with a decoration of white chrysanthemums on a brown ground which a silversmith towards the end of the century had converted into a teapot.

Figs. 5 and 6, as already indicated, are two dishes bearing the Jade Hall mark, viz., "beautiful vessel of the Jade Hall" *yü t'ang chia ch'i*. One of them is painted in blue with a fine drawing of a kylin by a plantain tree. The kylin (or more strictly *ch'i-lin*) is one of the fabulous animals of good omen in which the Chinese soul delights. It is a composite creature with



I.—TANKARD WITH EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY MOUNT.
Salting Collection. Height 7½ ins.

in the business. Probably the first importation of Chinese wares in English ships came from this port. At any rate, "Gombroon ware" is one of the many aliases under which Chinese porcelain has masqueraded in the past. But the English were now steadily working eastwards; and the Company established factories at Masulipatam and Pattopoli in India a few years later, in a brisk competition with the Portuguese, which rapidly developed into open warfare. Our merchants



2, 3 AND 4.—PORCELAIN DECORATED WITH WHITE SLIP.
Height of bottle 11 ins. British Museum Collection.

horned head of a dragon, body of a deer and tail of an ox, and it is said to move so lightly that not even the smallest insect is crushed in its path. The other is painted in blue with additions of red, green, yellow and aubergine brown enamels, with another favourite Chinese theme, the Eight Taoist Immortals paying court to Shou Lao, the God of Long Life. The god is seated on a rock under an ancient pine tree, attended by a deer. The pine in Chinese art is a symbol of the much-desired longevity, and so are the crane and deer, both of which are familiar attendants of Shou Lao. On the reverse of this dish are three pairs of fruits—pomegranate, peach and finger citron—typifying the Three Abundances of sons, years and happiness.

The last reigns of the Mings, which ended in 1644, and the first of their Manchu conquerors were periods of upheaval, in which the fine arts in China suffered a temporary eclipse. Little of distinction issued from the Imperial factories in this troubled time, and it is probable that the porcelain makers were glad to eke out their flagging trade by catering for foreign demands. At any rate, we see in this transition period the first signs of the modification of Chinese shapes to suit European taste; and from this time onwards came an ever increasing volume of porcelains made and decorated expressly for the European market. Covered jugs and tankards, such as Fig. 10,

are the first symptoms of this new departure. This tankard is a particularly instructive piece, as it not only shows many of the characteristic features in the decoration of this transition ware, but it is fitted with a Dutch *repoussé* silver mount, with a hall-mark which falls within this period, 1632-48. Other mounted examples of this class are a tankard (Fig. 1), with early seventeenth century mount in the Salting Collection (two narrow borders of lightly engraved floral scrolls are a feature of this piece), and another in the Hamburg Museum, with cover dated 1642; while there is a vase in the Palace of Charlottenburg in Berlin with a cyclical date corresponding to the year 1639. Two more examples of this group are seen in Figs. 7 and 8. It consists mainly of blue and white, and some of its distinctive features are worth noting by those who wish to identify other pieces belonging to this period. The flat base of Fig. 7 shows a good white porcelain body. The blue is bright and of violet tone, usually rendered a trifle hazy by the bubbly nature of the glaze. There is, too, a family likeness about the designs which suggests the use of a set of stock patterns. The main subject usually consists of figures—warriors, courtiers or sages—in a landscape setting flanked by high rocks half hidden in swirling mist. The grass is roughly represented by patches of V-shaped strokes; and there are certain subsidiary designs



5 AND 6.—DISHES WITH "JADE HALL" MARK.
Diameter 11½ ins. British Museum Collection.



PORCELAIN OF THE TRANSITION PERIOD.

7.—Beaker; height 16½ in. 8.—Bottle. 9.—Beaker; height 18½ ins., British Museum Collection. 10.—Tankard; height 7 ins., R. E. Brandt Collection.

which were in constant use, such as the borders on Fig. 10 and the tulip-like ornament on the neck of Fig. 8.

In addition to the blue and white, one may expect to meet polychrome porcelains of this period decorated with enamels of the late Ming style, which was described in the last article. These, too, may be recognised both by the nature of the blue and by a similarity of their decoration to that of the blue and white. The tall beaker (Fig. 9), for instance, must be included in this group, with its characteristic figure and landscape design in underglaze blue, assisted by red and green enamels; round the central belt are the three fruits painted in a style very similar to that on the reverse of Fig. 5, and having the same significance.

We must now take leave of the Ming period of Chinese porcelains, which with all its problems and perplexities and the comparative rarity of authentic specimens forms one of the most interesting phases of ceramic research. It is in reality a very wide field of study, far wider than has been indicated in these articles, which, in their restricted point of view, take no cognisance of numerous types. Chinese books tell of an immense variety of decoration and design in the Imperial wares of the

Ming emperors, and our modern collections can show examples of quite a fair proportion of these. But few of them would have passed into the channels of contemporary trade; and therefore they are not to be looked for among our old family possessions. We have, however, found enough in the celadons, blue and whites and enamelled wares, met with on our lawful occasions, to realise some of the high qualities of the Ming porcelain; and we may begin to understand how some collectors who are familiar with its finest aspects have come to regard it as superior to any of the decorated porcelain of later date. Even in its rougher manifestations it has a force and character, a boldness and originality of design and freedom of execution which are rarely seen in the later wares. These have other virtues, greater variety of method, highly refined material, improved colours and all the advantages of advanced technique. But the more one studies the Ming porcelains the more one is impressed by their distinction and the more one realises that the Chinese connoisseur, in upholding the Ming dynasty as the classic period for coloured porcelains, is supported by something more substantial than his innate veneration of antiquity.

A REVOLUTIONARY EPIC

MR. J. D. BERESFORD is one of the trio whose novels were recently mentioned as being the best of the year 1919, the other names being those of Miss Constance Holme and Mrs. William Hicks Beach. That would be sufficient to secure attention to his new book *Revolution* (Collins). It differs essentially from "An Imperfect Mother," the work which formed his claim to have produced the most successful novel of the year 1919. Yet though the difference is essential it is rather in choice of subject than in method of treatment. Mr. Beresford remains entirely himself and here is only considering the artistic temperament under a new aspect. Like a great number of thoughtful and imaginative writers his thoughts have been turned away from the past and the present to the future. He is conscious of feeling that England, for good or for evil, is at a great turning point in her history.

Now there are two ways in which the problem of the future can be approached. In the chaotic disturbance which invariably followed the great wars of the past, prophets, preachers and sorcerers found abundant material for the exercise of their gifts. The sorcerer delighted most in predicting the end of the world. He heard and saw war and rumours of war. He found in Nature the portents which, according to ancient writings, were to prepare for the dissolution of the world. Many such prophecies are still on record. The prophet, on the other hand, inveighed against the transgressions that were leading to this catastrophe, while the preacher held forth on the old text urging the wicked to repent. But Mr. Beresford

is not to be classified with these. He has recognised the opening for the study of the artistic temperament under new conditions, and with that he is contented. He does not try to paint a distant landscape or vague future. The revolution described by him takes place in a village outside London, yet not so far away but that grave business men travel to and from it with season tickets. The population is mostly agricultural, consisting largely of farmers and their labourers. The time may be inferred from the fact that Mr. Lloyd George is still Prime Minister and that the disputes are those of the present moment. A new Labour leader has sprung up, one who has undisputed sway over the working men, but he is not to be identified with any of those who are now before the public. According to a descriptive writer in an article ascribed to the *Daily Telegraph* he is

Tall and broad-shouldered, with a square head, black eyes, and short closely curling black hair . . . very active and full of energy, although slightly handicapped by a congenital malformation of the left foot.

The novelist scarcely needed to add that he bore a resemblance to the engravings of Lord Byron, though his face

had a heavier, more determined jaw and chin, and his forehead was wider and lower.

Otherwise the likeness is very close, even to the club foot. The figure is extremely well fitted to capture the imagination of Paul Leaming who has been through the war. He had come back from France "queer," and during a long period of convalescence

had thought out some of the problems of the hour in a way incomprehensible to his parent. He was captured with the appearance and individuality of Mr. Perry. Most of the action of the novel takes place during a general strike which has been proclaimed by Labour. Movement in the little world of Fynemore has been brought to a standstill. Railways have stopped working, telegraph and telephone wires have been cut: there is no communication between the capital and the little village except that of lorries which go to and fro carrying food and milk. Even they stopped finally, and the revolution begins in London without much knowledge of it being received in the rural locality. It seems to be all U.P. with everything. The rebellion very soon extends to the village, and the strongest scenes in the book are those in which the Tolstoyan Paul Leaming is confronted with an excited crowd, led by the village revolutionist. Paul has formed a resolution not on any account to shed blood. He is certainly tried very high. His father, completely losing his self control, had ordered the agitator off the platform, the order being accompanied by some very strong abuse. Apparently he meant to eject him himself but the man did not shrink. He dropped his stick and with a clean rapid movement drew a Service revolver from his pocket and without hesitation shot the old man.

The following passage will explain the son's attitude:

"Can't you all understand," he continued, pleading with them on a note of intense earnestness, "how essential it is that we should agree together at this moment of social danger? You have seen the terrible thing that has just happened. I am speaking to you now, with my father lying dead on this platform. He and I were friends. I loved him and he loved me. But if his death here this morning will help you, I can find it in my heart to be glad that he has served the great purpose of humanity. I would more gladly have given my own life to save you. But I may still have to do that. I would give it gladly if I could know that by dying I could prevent any other bloodshed, even in this village."

He paused, and a long-drawn sigh rustled through the hall. The whole audience had been held by something greater than his simple eloquence. The spirit of his perfect sincerity had touched them.

There is a great deal more of the same kind of eloquence. It moves the owners of property, among whom the chief is Lord Fynemore, to throw everything they have into the common fund; but peace was not to be gained in that way. Paul's trial is carried even further than that. When the tide turns and there is a reaction against the revolutionists he is ready, after a great struggle it is true, to give a promise in order to break it, with the view of saving from death the murderer of his father and another revolutionary. It is here we think that common-sense rather revolts against this disciple of Tolstoy. We fancy it would have been truer to Nature had the savagery of the man Oliver driven all pacific thoughts out of his mind. It does not seem in consonance with the character of a young English officer that he should have carried forgiveness to such an extent, the forgiveness, mark you, being extended to one who showed no sign of turning away from the wickedness which he had committed. The rather tame surrender of Lord Fynemore and the other owners of property to a division of their wealth is un-English. Nor do we find the end as comforting as it was intended to be:

But presently it seemed to her that she was indeed listening to him, and that he was speaking to her of Chopin's message to them, and of how he had portrayed at once the sadness and the beauty of bodily death.

She knew, then, that civilisation was dying full of sin and splendour, of fierce uncompleted desires and glorious accomplishments.

And it seemed to her that all human life was but a little candle burning in the great dark house of the world, a trembling light of aspiration and endeavour that would presently be quenched by the coming of the dawn.

This is dated March to September, 1920, and these events, even if inevitable, are still to happen. We cannot think that Mr. Beresford himself believes that there is anything prophetic in his story. It would rather seem that he has been intent on inventing a set of circumstances that would show this non-killing inspiration to rise above every trial to which it could be subjected. Trouble and sedition are but the material out of which this story is woven. For mere reading the latter half of it is very arresting and agitating, while the beginning is duller than it need have been. Taken altogether, however, it is a brilliant piece of work that can scarcely fail to increase the growing reputation of the author.

The Happy End, by Joseph Hergesheimer. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.) NOTHING, perhaps, could illustrate better than this collection of stories that particular clash in Mr. Hergesheimer's temperament and method which at the same time makes his work so interesting and yet is so threatening to its artistic unity. The effect of these tales "under one roof," so to speak, is positively disintegrating to the European mind, which demands that its highest art shall be "all of a piece." To print together such efforts as "The Flower of Spain" and "Bread" is like publishing in the same volume the Toreador Song from "Carmen" and "Archibald! Certainly not." "Bread," indeed (otherwise "Archibald"), is the more convincing of the two, for "The Flower

of Spain" never really captures either us or the spirit of Florence (its somewhat incongruous setting), whereas we swim and motor and eat—especially eat—with August Turnbull as if in the same flesh. We are appalled to think what our unabashed cravings would have been if we had happened to read this story in war-time! Again, the solid materialism of "Bread," sandwiched with the daintiness of "Rosemary Roselle," is absolutely staggering by contrast, for the latter has, as the author states to have been his object in writing it, "an immaterial glamour, a vapour, delicately coloured by old days in which you may discover the romantic and amiable shapes of secret dreams." It has the hushed hues of a faded miniature, the thin, sweet note of a quavering musical-album. Another singing-note, but full-bodied this time, utterly different, yet also in hopeless contrast with "Bread," comes from "The Thrush in the Hedge," while earlier on we get the hymnal ecstasies of the negro. It is impossible to judge either Mr. Hergesheimer or his work in these conglomerate conditions. One keeps saying, "This is the real man—or this—" only to decide finally that he is neither, but—in some quite unmixable way—both. His work is like one of those compound liqueurs which one drinks in sections, passing rapidly from flavour to flavour. One should attempt only one of these stories a week, if any of them is to strike true on the puzzled palate. It is true that two of them hang together—"Lonely Valleys" and "Tol'able David"—breathing alike a grey austerity which, to a northern mind, at least, is worth everything else in the book. Not quite grey, though, for there is always the redeeming beauty of the young David's "ineffably blue eyes." 'Tol'able David is a dear. Nothing in this collection has the hammered quality of "The Three Black Pennys" or the wild orange scent of "The Dark Fleece" in "Gold and Iron," but at the same time there is much in it that only Mr. Hergesheimer could have given us, and nobody can help saying thank you for David with eyes "blue as a May sky."

Orphan Dinah, by Eden Phillpotts. (Heinemann, 9s.)

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS seems to have written a novel with a purpose in *Orphan Dinah*, the purpose being to impress upon his readers the arguments in favour of allowing additional grounds for divorce. It is infinitely to Mr. Phillpotts' credit as an artist that he has done that impressing so neatly and so naturally that the most ardent opponent of easier divorce laws could scarcely do more than shake a gently reproving head at him, and has not in the process damaged his story as a work of art at all. The people of his book are humble folk—horsemen, cowmen, small farmers on the Dartmoor slopes, an old huntsman, a gardener, a master carpenter. Orphan Dinah herself, when her adopted father's home becomes an unhappy one for her because she has jilted his son, contemplates a life of domestic service. She is fitted for a much more enterprising career, as her courage and resolution prove when she finds that the man she loves is married in law, though in nothing else, to a woman whose deceit has destroyed the little passion her charms had roused in him. Dinah and Lawrence, for all their ignorance of book learning, argue out the rights and wrongs of their position with little hindrance from either superstitious or traditional compunctions, and set sail strong in their faith in each other for a new life in a new land where they intend to be "married" for the sake of Dinah's good repute. Mr. Phillpotts leaves them at that as far as their own knowledge goes, but considers the feelings of his less advanced readers by letting Lawrence's first wife obtain release from him just in time to prevent their "marriage" from resulting in bigamy. It is a fine story of life in country places, though the minor characters, particularly Joe Stockman, the farmer, whose affability extracted such heavy payment from everyone around him, really come nearer to us than Dinah and her lover. Yet, as has probably been said of Mr. Phillpotts' art a great many times before, it is in his sense of the beauty of the West Country—of Dartmoor—and the genius by which in words on a printed page he, as it were, takes it up—tors, woods, heather stretches, rolling distant hills—takes the very smell of it, the taste of its air, the feel of its soft rain, and holds it up before his reader's eyes, that the strength of his achievement really lies.

The Vacation of the Kelwyns, by W. Dean Howells. (Harper Brothers, 7s. 6d.)

The Vacation of the Kelwyns is a book to which time must be given by the reader who would find out its best, and a kind of gentleness in consideration. The reader who would tear a plot red-hot from the printed page by a little deft dipping will find nothing whatever here, for this is literature. It is the record of a holiday spent by a University lecturer, his wife and family in an old Family House belonging to a Shaker community in Southern New Hampshire. The woman who is supposed to look after the Kelwyns is a vilely incapable housekeeper, her husband a surly lout; but Mr. Howells was too fine an artist to show them only in that light, and when at last the Kelwyns retreat before their incompetence there is a regretful liking on both sides which imparts a delicate charm to what might have been in other hands merely a sordid and trivial incident. It is by such touches as this that the patient reader is rewarded, and now and then, while gently amused at such small chronicles, some phrase will bring him to a pause, suddenly made conscious of the extraordinary strength behind so much gentleness, the clear, kind, humorous, absolute understanding of humanity which enabled Mr. Howells to build up the personalities of the book with perfect certainty and present them to us, living men and women. There is a love story in *The Vacation of the Kelwyns* as slight and dainty, without affectation or finicking, as the rest of the book and as true to life.

BOOKS WORTH READING.

- The Agamemnon of Æschylus*, translated into English Rhyming Verse, by Gilbert Murray. (Allen and Unwin, 3s. 6d.)
Collected Poems, with Autobiographical and Critical Fragments, by Frederic W. H. Myers. (Macmillan, 12s.)
The Growth and Shedding of the Antler of the Deer, by William Macewan, F.R.S. (Maclehose, 10s. 6d.)
Pioneering and Development in South Africa, 1850-1911, by H. W. Struben. (Cape Town: Miller. Oxford: Blackwell.)
The Bronze Venus, by Eden Phillpotts. (Grant Richards, 8s.)
Crashie Howe: A Hill Parish, by Bertram Smith. (Simpkin, Marshall, 6s.)

CORRESPONDENCE

MILK AND CHILDREN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The three letters which appeared in your issue of January 15th under the above heading all referred to the effect of a milk diet on the teeth of children after weaning. It may be of interest to your readers to know that the views expressed in the letter of "Physician" are entirely in accord with the views held by leading authorities in the dental profession. Professor W. R. Simpson admits that the pap diet so characteristic of the milk feeding régime is injurious to the growth of the jaws; what he does not note, however, is that the pap system of feeding children is almost entirely the result of the theory that a milk diet is suitable for children after weaning. Milk by itself is liable to form large indigestible clots in the stomach, and so well is this known that in order to prevent such clots forming the practice of boiling bread and other farinaceous foods in the milk is resorted to. Such foods tend to leave a residue in the crevices of, and between, the teeth, which is known to be rapidly converted into lactic acid and to initiate the destruction of the teeth. Mr. Wilfred Buckley does not appear to deny this, but seems to blame children for not brushing their teeth. As, however, it is practically impossible for the toothbrush to clean the deeper crevices, of, and between, the teeth, where decay usually commences, it would be a dangerous policy to rely on this for the prevention of dental decay. Dr. James Wheatley's figures, astounding as they may appear to many, are only what would be expected by those who recognise the harmfulness of milk and sugar, and the benefit which children derive from eating the crusts of bread instead of having them thrown away. A child with twenty teeth (its normal number after it is two to two and a half years of age) has, at least in relation to its size, as large a masticatory apparatus as an adult with thirty-two teeth; and any food, such as milk, which does not give the teeth exercise is strictly speaking physiologically incorrect. It is the functional activity of the teeth which does so much to keep them clean and free from decay, and for this reason wild animals, although they do not drink milk after weaning, have almost invariably teeth perfectly free from decay.—DENTIST.

MATTERS OF INTEREST FOR COLLECTORS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In his interesting article in your issue of the 22nd inst. Mr. William Bunting refers to a magnificent wall hanging of the Jacobean period belonging to Mr. Frank Partridge, the subject being surmised to be from King Lear. This reminds one of the curious fact that the influence of Shakespeare upon the subjects of decorative art was practically nil until almost modern times. In the Jacobean period the favourite figure subjects were mostly allegorical, scriptural, mythological or historical—very rarely were they taken from contemporary literature. Probably the subject of Mr. Partridge's hanging is the traditional representation of "King Solomon receiving the Queen of Sheba"; some of her gifts are shown in the foreground to the left. It is of interest to note that the unusual decorative motive of ostrich feathers in the top corners occurs also in an English pile carpet woven about 1600, belonging to the Countess of Portsmouth. In close proximity hangs a splendid *Chinoiserie* woven at Soho in the reign of Queen Anne. The embroidered carpet is of unusual type. It is of English design and execution, but no needlework is known to have been done at Mortlake—only tapestry by the methods employed at Beauvais and the Gobelins.—W. G. THOMSON.

FARMERS AND SUMMER TIME.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your contributor who says he is unable to understand the farmer's objection to this measure is evidently not a practical farmer. I have no prejudice against summer time—in fact, for many reasons it suits me personally—but your contributor's suggestion that farmers should ignore it and that farm work should start an hour later by the clock, is no use in practice. When summer time first came in my farm men objected to it, and I agreed that they should start an hour

later if the majority desired it, but within a week they asked to follow the clock, as their wives found two kinds of time disorganised the house arrangements and the school time for the children. I am sure it is not impracticable for different parts of the community to start work at different times, but I am not at all sure that summer time is a good thing for the nation. The effect, as I see it, is that people stop up as late as they did by the sun, but are forced to get up earlier by the clock, and thus many lose sleep they badly require. Summer time costs the farmer much money, and thus increases the price of food.—S. F. EDGE.

THE POULTRY KEEPING EXPERIMENT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose the statement for week ending January 22nd. The balance is not as good as last week because the price of eggs has fallen, and I did not sell as many for hatching purposes. The balance for week ending January 29th will, I expect, be up to £20 again.—F.

Capital, £1,500. Land, 3 acres. Stock, 990 birds			
EXPENSES.	£	s.	d.
1,736lb. of food eaten cost ..	18	19	2
Time paid out for feeding, etc. ..	3	6	0
Advertising	1	0	0
Carriage on eggs	0	14	10
Rent	0	10	0
Depreciation on plant	1	0	0
For deaths and depreciation of birds	1	0	0
	£26	10	0
RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.
1,603 eggs sold for	37	5	1
4 cockerels (killing)	1	14	0
	£38	19	1
Balance £12 9s. 1d.			

THE TAWNY OWL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Three hundred yards from my garden there is a copse of about a dozen acres which is the home of tawny owls: two pairs, as far as I can make out, live in this wood. A short time ago one of these owls spent the whole day in a fir tree in my garden. Next day he was still there, but had moved to another tree. The third day he spent in yet another tree, and after that was seen no more. Owls of both kinds, tawny and barn, visit the garden nightly, but I have never before seen one of them there in the day. I presume this particular bird must, owing to family bickerings, have found the wood disagreeable, and so left it until the atmosphere became calmer. One is not often lucky enough to be able to observe tawny owls at close quarters, and this bird showed no shyness, but allowed one to stand under the tree and examine him at leisure. In the wood I have found evidence of the violent death of several small birds, and as the only hawk ever seen in the copse has been a kestrel, it is possible that brown owls were the killers. When beating the wood for rabbits

with a Cocker spaniel I have frequently moved tawny owls, which shows they are shy birds, for there are plenty of large ivy-clad trees, which one would not have expected them to leave for such a very slight disturbance. Last year I found two barn owls dead, one in the wood and the other just outside it, and have never been able to find out what was the cause of death. They were too far gone to examine closely. I have never found a dead tawny owl, so the epidemic, if it was one, did not affect these latter birds. The introduced little owl, though so well established in certain Eastern Counties, has not extended to Devon. In Essex I found a pair of these birds nesting in the wall of a church. There were three young owls which the parents seemed to feed almost entirely on sparrows. The bare legs and hawk-like attitude when perching make the little owl very distinctive in appearance. I have rather an affection for these bold little birds, and believe they do far more good than harm. The Essex farmers hate them and say they eat the young pheasants.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

FOXHOUNDS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Favour me by saying which county in England is the most easy to hunt and where there is reasonable accommodation in hotels and a good livery stable.—A READER.

[The following places fulfil our correspondent's requirements; all have good hotels, command good countries, and have good stabling and hirelings that can be trusted: Sherborne (Digby Arms), Blackmore Vale, Cattistock, Lord Portman's. Dorchester (King's Arms), Cattistock and South Dorset; Mr. Hammond has some good horses. Market Harborough, hotels and stabling good, hunting first rate; Fernie's, Pytchley, Cottesmore, occasionally plenty of hirelings; subscriptions rather high. Lyndhurst (Crown Hotel), R. Bradford, Brockenhurst, for horses; central for New Forest Buckhounds and New Forest Foxhounds; hunting good of its kind, but no jumping to speak of. Cirencester and Malmesbury command the Duke of Beaufort's (both V.W.H. packs); stabling good, hunting first rate, hotels good. Probably Sherborne or Cirencester would meet our correspondent's requirements best.—ED.]

ANNALS OF OLD BOND STREET.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Many of your readers seem to be interested in Old London, and I should be glad if anyone could tell me in exactly what part of Old Bond Street was the building shown in the accompanying print, dated 1807. It is called "The Western Exchange, Old Bond Street, for the Encouragement of British Manufacturers, Artists and Dealers, and for Receiving General Property for Sale on Commission." From the illustration it appears that everything was sold there, and it was evidently quite a large building. Is it incorporated in any of the present Old Bond Street buildings?—H.

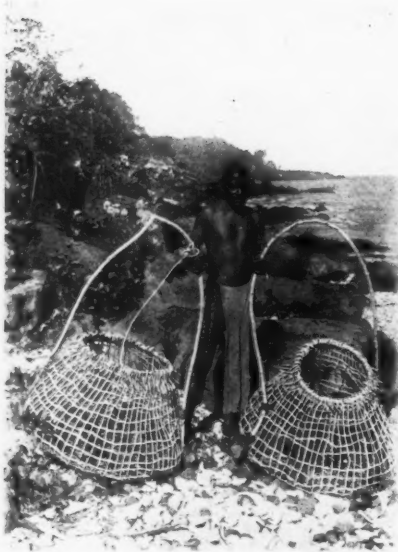


THE WESTERN EXCHANGE, OLD BOND STREET, IN 1807.

FISHERMEN OF THE NEW HEBRIDES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Oba is one of the very small islands of the New Hebrides group in the South Pacific. The natives are a handsome race, and have customs not to be found in any other island of the whole of the Pacific. They are very haughty and sullen in manner, and refuse all communication with natives of neighbouring islands. Every day, wet or dry, at eleven and four o'clock, the tribe of some thousands, old and young, go down to Oba Bay to bathe, the old chief leading the way into the surf. With a becoming sense of modesty, no man dares enter the reserve where the women and children undress, but in the water mixed bathing is allowed. These daily baths are more of a religious ceremony than a matter of cleanliness, and even sick natives desire to take a daily dip if at all possible. These natives have interesting fish traps made of cane, with a long handle like a hand-basket. For catching fish decoy fish are used and with much success. A fish is tethered to the trap with a long string and swims about encouraging other fish to approach. When a few are gathered about the decoy, it quietly enters the trap, followed by the fish; once in they cannot find a way out, but the decoy does so, managing not to get the string attached to its body caught in any way. These decoy fish are held in reverence by the natives, and when not engaged in fishing are kept in shallow ponds in the rocks near the sea, and are fed with regularity



THE FISH-TRAPS OF OBA ISLAND.

every day. They are very tame and show no fear in being handled. The traps are put in shallow water over-night, and a householder the first thing every morning lifts out his trap to take out whatever fish his family will require for breakfast. In all seasons fish are plentiful and the decoy fish can always be relied upon to do its work.—THOMAS J. MCMAHON.

GOSFORD HOUSE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In a letter signed "X" in your issue of January 8th there are two mistakes which perhaps you would be kind enough to correct—(1) that Gosford is to be sold, (2) that it was built by Lord Wemyss' grandfather. Gosford is let for twelve years, and was built by Lord Wemyss' great-great-grandfather, Adam being the architect.—G.

"THE HUNTING SPIRIT."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—With your article, under this title, in the issue of January 1st you reproduce a photograph of hounds in full cry which, unless I am very much mistaken, represents my harriers running at Woodspring, near Weston-super-Mare, and was taken in 1913-14. I can identify each hound. I shall be interested to hear whether I am correct. I gave up those hounds in 1915 and have not started them again. They were all light-coloured Old English hounds with a foxhound cross to improve their bone and feet. In the season of 1913-14 they accounted for ninety-two brace of hares and many foxes.—H. A. TARKS.

[Our correspondent is perfectly right in identifying his old friends.—Ed.]



SWISS SCHOOLCHILDREN ON SKIS.

A SKI-ING CURRICULUM.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—At a time when so many are enjoying winter sports in Switzerland you may like to see this photograph of a school class on skis with their master. It was taken at Davos, where the schoolchildren are taught ski-ing as part of their daily lessons. I fancy that a good many English schoolboys would envy them.—C.

A LANCASHIRE FUNERAL CUSTOM.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The other day I was told of a rather curious custom common at funerals in and around the colliery district of Aspull, in Lancashire. On returning from the ceremony a pewter tankard of mulled ale is handed round to the mourners, round the handle of it they bind a strip of lemon peel, which they tie at top and bottom with a piece of narrow black ribbon. No one seems able to explain the origin or signification of this custom and I am very anxious to find out, if possible.—JOYCE H. M. BANKES.

AN OLD HOUSE THAT MAY YET BE SAVED.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—May I draw your attention to Southcote Manor, just outside Reading. It is a good example of sixteenth century work, though during the last sixty years it has suffered from modern alterations and additions. At the present moment it is in the hands of the house-breakers, but so far their attentions have only affected the modern part, the sweeping away

of which will, indeed, improve the appearance of the house. The structure is mainly in good condition, and, this being so, it is deplorable that an old house like this should be allowed to be pulled down. A former tenant removed the old leaded windows, with the exception of one over the porch, which still contains some old panes and the original framework. I am given to understand that the old frames are lying about somewhere on the premises. The windows have all been restored with new stone mullions, but the glass is missing everywhere, with some consequent damage to the rooms. The downstairs rooms and the hall have been considerably restored, though in places the original panelling remains. Up stairs are about ten bedrooms, and nearly all of these possess their old panelling, which is in good order. The woodwork and floors are of very solid construction. The house is entirely surrounded by a moat, and there is a pair of very fine iron gates at the entrance to the bridge, though these have suffered much from rust and ill-treatment. The old gun tower at the corner of the moat (seen on the left-hand side of the illustration) would require a good deal of repair, but the whole is structurally sound and it is a very interesting little building. Admittedly a good deal of money would be needed to put the house in order, but, unless a sympathetic purchaser can be found, Southcote Manor will entirely disappear, and, I think you will agree, this would be a great pity.—A. R. POWYS, Secretary, the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings.

[We quite agree with Mr. Powys, and are glad to publish his letter and the accompanying photograph of Southcote Manor in the hope that this may be the means of saving it from destruction.—Ed.]



SOUTHCOTE MANOR, NEAR READING.

THE ESTATE MARKET

THE COMING SEASON

SLOWLY but surely the preparations for the coming season are progressing, and to-day it is possible to mention two or three notable additions to the list of landed estates awaiting treatment under the hammer. There are Lord Poltmore's beautiful estate near Exeter, and Sir Reginald Rankin's Bryngwyn estate in Herefordshire, and surpassing most properties in its associations is Impington Hall, on the outskirts of Cambridge, beloved of Samuel Pepys, and known by name to the millions who have read and re-read, and still are reading, his unrivalled "Diary."

Impington is the subject of frequent allusion in his letters, which are less known, and the house is still, in the main, as it was when the first of the Pepys to own it bought it, early in the seventeenth century. The connection of the great Diarist with Impington was not that of personal ownership, but of close intimacy with his "cousin Roger," who kept house so well and liberally that he had not, we may warrant, to be very "importunate" to prevail on Samuel to visit him. As the latter says in one of his letters about a friend named Batelier, Roger "us'd him well," and "well and merry all are there."

The connection of the Pepys family with the Impington estate originated through the expenditure by John Pepys of some of the large fortune brought to him by his wife, in the purchase in 1579 of land in Cambridge-shire. He began building the manor house at Impington, and by his will dated 1589, he left directions for its completion. His descendants resided in the house until it passed, by failure of male heirs, in 1805. The following description of it, written in 1774, by the Rev. W. Cole (Cole's MS., Brit. Mus., vol. 4, pp. 74 and 90) will be of interest: "At a small distance from the Church, and South of it, stands a very elegant seat of seven windows in front and built of brick, belonging to Mr. Pepys, the present Lord of the Manor (Charles Pepys, who died 1778), adorned with beautiful gardens and canals about it. I long had a mind to see the house as every one praised it, and it pleased me much and is the best of the sort I ever saw. A noble hall, with two Corinthian pillars on one side of it, is in the centre."

Of the references to Impington in the "Diary" the following will be remembered:

"July 15th, 1661. And so at noon took horse, having taken leave of my cozen Angier, and rode to Impington, where I found my old uncle (Talbot Pepys) sitting all alone, like a man out of the world: he can hardly see; but all things else he do pretty livelyly."

"August 3rd and 4th. At night I took horse, and rode with Roger Pepys and his two brothers to Impington, and there with great respect was led up by them to the best chamber in the house, and there slept."

Impington Hall and about 450 acres, including the park of 85 acres, will be submitted in May by Messrs. Bidwell and Sons.

TWO NOTED GARDENS.

TWO landed estates with excellent mansions, both of which are surrounded by gardens of considerable repute have come, into the market in the present week. Messrs. Mabbett and Edge announce that they are instructed by Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Reginald Rankin to bring Bryngwyn under the hammer in the spring. The flowering shrubs of Bryngwyn's gardens are one of the beauties of Herefordshire.

Messrs. Collins and Collins are instructed by Lord Poltmore to sell Poltmore Park, a splendid residential estate on which a very large expenditure has been made in recent years. The family's association with the Devon property goes back to about the year 1290, and the estate of close on 2,000 acres is also remarkable for the richness of its grounds, with their long avenues and bordered walks. The hill coverts give plenty of high-flying pheasants, and, as the hunting man knows, there are two packs of foxhounds in the district. The property is for sale as a whole or otherwise.

Sir Edwin Savill's firm, Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons, announce that at Cardiff they have just sold Ton Mawr Farm, Llantrisant, in eleven lots. The whole 64 acres were disposed of for a total of £4,810.

SPORTING PROPERTIES.

AT Torquay on February 11th Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley will offer Sheplegh Court, over 470 acres, near Kingsbridge and Dartmouth, as a whole or in lots. The house is literally built on a rock, and this with the fact that the Devon Coru stone is used in its construction attests its solidity. It is comparatively modern, about sixty years old, and it is admirably situated for fishing, golfing and hunting, and the farms embrace some of the fertile pastures of the valley of the Gara.

In some cases, as at Cove, near Farnborough, the extension of a parish has left the vicarage rather inconveniently distant from the district where the incumbent has to work, and for that reason the house is for sale. In others, and more commonly unfortunately, the stress of circumstances is compelling an attempt to sell the rectory or vicarage, and there are several either now in the market or about to be placed in it. Cove Vicarage, built in 1845, is a good house. It is to be sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley at an early date. The firm is also instructed to offer by auction, in April next, the remaining portion of the Bodelyyddan estate, St. Asaph, extending to about 600 acres, including Pengwern Hall, Gwernigron Farm, reputed to be the finest grazing farm in the Vale of Clwydd, and the Plough Inn, St. Asaph.

The trustees of the late Captain Charles Edmund Ruck-Keene have instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer by auction the Swyncombe estate, near Wallingford, extending to about 3,000 acres, including Swyncombe Park, ten agricultural holdings, 1,200 acres of beech woodlands, the village of Cookley and manorial rights.

Acting under instructions from Sir James Legard, K.C.B., Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock have recently negotiated an important sale in Yorkshire, having disposed of Welham Hall, Malton, between York and Scarborough, an exceptionally fine house, with first-class hunting stabling, situated among wooded park land, the whole extending to about 316 acres.

LORD READING'S TOWN HOUSE.

CONSEQUENT upon his approaching departure to India, Lord Reading has decided to let his town house in Curzon Street, Mayfair, furnished, and has instructed Messrs. Mabbett and Edge to act for him in the matter. Other town houses that have just been dealt with include No. 8, Cavendish Square, Sir Henry Morris' fine residence, and another in the same Square, until lately the residence of Sir David Ferrier. The two latter have been sold by Messrs. Yates and Yates, who have also disposed of the leasehold interests in two houses in Portland Place.

ARCHERFIELD.

THE East Lothian estate of Archerfield, including the mansion of which Mr. Law, of the *Scotsman*, was for so many years well known as the tenant, is coming under the hammer in Edinburgh on February 9th. For golfers it is ideal, having not only its own eighteen-hole course, by far the most famous of private courses, but within three miles of New Luffness, North Berwick, Gullane, and the Honourable Company's course at Muirfield, the scene of the Championships. For all who love their Stevenson, moreover, there is a great romance about Archerfield. Graden Sea Wood, in "The Pavilion on the Links," has always been identified with Archerfield Wood and the quicksands—"the private cemetery" which Northmour "kept for his friends" are the quicksands of Aberlady Bay. The mansion is not too large—eleven principal bedrooms—and it stands in a pleasant spot about a mile from the shore. Messrs. Dundas and Wilson, C.S., are conducting the sale. Dirleton Castle, which has been mentioned, of course, whenever there is anything to say about the Archerfield district, is not included in the intended sale.

CAREW RALEIGH'S OLD HOME.

THE historical old mansion of West Horsley Place, Surrey, has been sold by Messrs. Osborn and Mercer, who are now to sell the remaining portion of the estate. West Horsley Place was once the home of Carew Raleigh, son of the famous Sir Walter Raleigh, and is a fine Tudor manor house.

The sale is announced by Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker of a freehold historic property in St. Thomas Street, Winchester, comprising a delightful old-world residence, including rooms panelled in Tudor oak, with Tudor fireplaces, Norman vaulted crypt (reputed to have been used as the Royal treasury), an upper chamber (now divided) where Cromwell is said to have held Court and to have received the keys of Winchester from the Mayor of the City.

Part of the north-east side of Box Hill, known as the High Ashurst estate, is to come under the hammer. The area extends to about 1,100 acres and is to be divided into numerous lots, including sites suitable for the erection of country houses. Messrs. Watkins and Watkins are the agents.

CHURCH AND CHARITY LANDS.

THE necessary formalities preceding the disposal of Church lands are being carried through, with the sanction of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, in regard to an acreage which, though mostly of comparatively small detached holdings, amounts in the aggregate to thousands of acres, and a great deal of it is being transferred in private negotiation. Considerable realisations are also going on in the matter of lands belonging to various charities, and the latest example of a very large series of sales is that of the Congressbury estate of the trustees of the Bristol Charities for a total of just over £121,000 through Messrs. J. P. Sturge and Sons. Part of the land was sold privately to the tenants, and the auction of the remaining portions was marked by demonstrations against the bidding by "outsiders" for some of the lots. It seemed to be the feeling of those who voiced the interests of the sitting tenants that there ought not to be any bidding by anybody but those tenants. The fallacy and patent unfairness of this attitude have been so recently and so fully and emphatically explained and condemned in these columns that no more need now be said than to express surprise that the idea is so deeply rooted and causes trouble at so many public sales. It is the essence of an auction that there should be public competition, and an auctioneer who withdrew every lot rather than be coerced by such a show of hostility to "outsiders" would be fully justified.

CLIFFORD'S INN.

THE history of Clifford's Inn is interesting, alike from the legal standpoint and as a bit of old London; and the diligent research of Mr. William Page has unearthed many very curious facts about the Inn which take the reader's mind far away from London and legal lore to such pleasing topics as "The White Doe of Rylstone" and the "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle." How this happens is because, in 1485, Henry VII restored the Inn to Henry Clifford, "the shepherd lord," whom Wordsworth has immortalised in his poems.

"Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;

His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is on the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

The Shepherd Lord was honoured more and more;

'The Good Lord Clifford' was the name he bore."

Clifford's Inn hall is included in the freehold of 24,500 square feet now for sale, as part of the property of the late Mr. William Willett, the estate agent and builder, famous as the originator of "daylight saving." The auction takes place next Wednesday.

Messrs. Hy. Duke and Son have sold a portion of the Clifton family estate in the parish of West Wellow, situated midway between Salisbury and Southampton. Every lot was sold, the following being some of the prices: A mixed farm of 37½ acres, £1,495; another of 36½ acres, with old homestead, the thatched house of which dates back to the fifteenth century and was, in the days of Elizabeth, a country retreat of a lord chief justice, £1,120; a meadow, with prospective building value, £600, or just over £60 an acre. In no case could vacant possession be given. ARBITER.

THE NEXT GRAND NATIONAL

FEATURES OF A REMARKABLE ENTRY.

NINETY-TWO entries for the Grand National Steeplechase represent a prodigious array as regards quantity for this great event. I suppose owners have not been loath to accept the most forlorn chance in the belief that anything can happen in a Grand National. Favourites can fall through their own mistakes or be brought down by the blunders of others, leaving unconsidered outsiders to fight out a finish. After all, we have seen the most extraordinary things happen over the Aintree country. It is not so many years since that Rubio brought off a 66 to 1 chance, beating a better fancied stable companion in Mattie Macgregor. Some readers will doubtless have vivid memories of the year when Rathnally was a hot favourite. I do not think he actually fell, but he certainly lost his jockey. The only horse to escape grief of any kind was the one that won—Mr. Frank Bibby's Glenside—and his chance was not thought much of owing to coughing. Yet he had to win because he was the only one to escape trouble of any kind. Incidentally also he enabled Jack Anthony to ride his first Grand National winner, two successes following later on Ally Sloper and Troytown.

People who are attracted by betting on horse-racing have been heard to say that nothing will induce them to wager on a Grand National, conscious as they are of the supposed tremendous risks in the course of the four and a half mile journey with about thirty really formidable jumps. Year after year we see many horses come to grief. One or two drop out at the very first fence. Last year the ill-fated ones were the favourite, Poethlyn, and the heavily supported Gerald L. Becher's, the Canal Turn, Valentine's and the "Water" in front of the Stands never failed to take serious toll. Nevertheless, it is at least singular that much fancied horses win with about as much regularity, say, as well fancied ones win a big handicap such as the Cambridgeshire on the flat. A year ago, for instance, Troytown by his success won a lot of money from the bookmakers, and in spite of the favouritism of Poethlyn they were probably losers over the race. In 1919 Poethlyn was actually favourite when he won, and, allowing for the gap created by the war, we have Ally Sloper as quite a well backed winner in 1915. I am writing from memory in a place a long way remote from books of reference, but I have no doubt that such winners in recent years as Sir Charles Assheton Smith's pair, Jerry M. and Covert Coat, the lightly weighted Sunlock, and the greatly fancied Eremont were much expected to achieve what they actually did do. Have you forgotten the tremendous cheering following on the splendid victories of gallant Jerry M., the honest and consistent Poethlyn, and poor, ill-fated Troytown, which met with a fatal accident at Autenil last summer?

Therefore it does not follow that because the great steeplechase involves serious perils it is seldom won by a really fancied competitor. The truth is that the fancied competitors are proved efficient jumpers and stayers and that it is the inefficient in the field, the animal that is outclassed in every respect, which, as a rule, comes to grief and very often is the direct cause of others coming to grief. Turning to the present entry, one is amazed by the amount of rubbish in the race. Owners at the comparatively modest cost of a fiver for each entry have entered impossible animals, and a very large percentage will have to be grouped on the minimum mark of 9st. 7lb. It is to be observed that no previous winner of the race is in the entry, a quite unusual fact of itself. Troytown is dead; Poethlyn is hopelessly broken down; and Ally Sloper is a thing of the past. The intermediate War National winners at Gatwick were Vermouth, Ballymacad and Poethlyn, and I do not think the first-named would win a saddle and bridle at Epping!

Thus, in the absence of Troytown and Poethlyn, there is no great performer of the past to qualify automatically for top

weight of 12st. 7lb. It may not be fair to discuss which horse will be selected by Mr. Topham for top-weight. One may have a shrewd idea, but that is another matter. The public have found the winner in the Irish-bred Always, owned by Mr. Dyke Dennis and trained near Bangor by Stanley Harrison. This horse is by Ardoon, a sire that has long stood in Ireland, and Always did well before being sent to compete at Aintree last spring for a small steeplechase. He won in such very fine style that his proud owner was at last persuaded to sell for a big price, though he was most reluctant to part with the horse at all. Last November he again won at Liverpool, so that it can be urged for him that he is at least familiar with the fences. He was a winner at Manchester on the third of this month, though not regarded as being fit, and altogether this horse has done more than enough to set everyone talking about him. The bookmakers will lay no more than 6 to 1 or 7 to 1 about him, although the weights are not yet known and he is sure to be given plenty to carry. He is not the sort that the handicapper is likely to overlook! Fancy only 7 to 1 in January about a horse for the Grand National. Bookmakers need never be without friends and sympathisers.

As regards others in the entry—there remain seventy-one to discuss!—I may note quite briefly that Lord Wavertree is understood to have some considerable hopes of All White, a horse

he has for long regarded as being possessed of Grand National possibilities. The Findon trainer has put in five, of which Old Fay Bridge may prove to be better than Silver Ring or Ballyboggan. The last-named got near two years ago, for which he has been rather heavily penalised ever since. Old Fay Bridge has the character and look of a "National" horse. It is odd to see in the motley collection a Cesarewitch winner that has never jumped a fence in public. I refer to Ivanhoe. He has won over hurdles, but here we have him (or shall I say his owner?) as a Grand National aspirant. After all, the Turf is made up of romance, and I may conceivably find myself writing of a Cesarewitch winner that won the world's most important steeplechase.

Turkey Buzzard and Ardonagh—I prefer the former—are horses that met with bad luck when going well the second time round last year. I know Willie Payne, who trains the former, is rather keen on him. The Hon. Aubrey Hastings, who has won the race with Ascetic's Silver and Ally Sloper, has put in an unimposing quintet from which the name of last year's second, Turk II, is missing. He may have most hopes of Mr. Bower Ismay's Garryvoe, a very nice horse indeed and just about at his best as regards age. Tom Coulthwaite may have a sentimental interest in G. encorrig for the reason that he was the first horse to come into his stable on resuming training last autumn. I know he is a fine big horse of possibilities, and if he should be good enough, then you may be sure Tom Coulthwaite will be. I do not care much for Clonree as a prospective "National" winner, though he has won a big steeplechase over the course. And, similarly, Dunadry seems to be more of a Lancashire Steeplechase horse—he has already won it once—than a Liverpool winner.

White Surrey is the grey horse that won the Grand Military Gold Cup last year for Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux. He stays and jumps extremely well and I can imagine this one being fancied if not over-weighted. General Saxham is a Grand Sefton Steeplechase winner over the course, but it is possible his success was a fluke. It certainly took his stable by surprise and he has run indifferently since. I am interested in the future career of Neurotic, which ran very well for the race last year, and Vico is the newcomer to steeplechasing this season that has made a quite conspicuous mark. There are others in the entry that I have never even heard of, and some may never gain more notoriety than is theirs at the moment through the mere fact of entry.

PHILIPPOS.



A NEW STALLION AT THE STUD IN 1921.
Viscountess Torrington's Rich Gift, by Saxham (son of Desmond).

THE IDEAL KITCHEN.--I

NEVER before has so much attention been given to the working side of the house as at the present time, this being one of the results of post-war conditions. There has been a veritable discovery of the home—at least in respect of the carrying out of its everyday tasks. Thousands of households have had to dispense with the services of a maid living in, because of the cost of her keep and wages, and the housewife herself has thus come into personal contact with all the defects produced by inconvenient planning and equipment. The same personal acquaintance with these everyday matters has not occurred in well-to-do households, where the expense of servants could still be maintained; nevertheless, in these there has been a curtailment in the domestic staff, and this curtailment has caused the working arrangements to be studied from a much more intimate point of view. In this we are going through exactly the same sort of experience as America has undergone, the servant question having been acute for so long there that now it is only the wealthy who can afford servants at all; and this new condition of affairs has demanded that the house throughout, and its working portion especially, shall be planned and equipped to enable the daily tasks to be carried out with the least possible amount of labour.

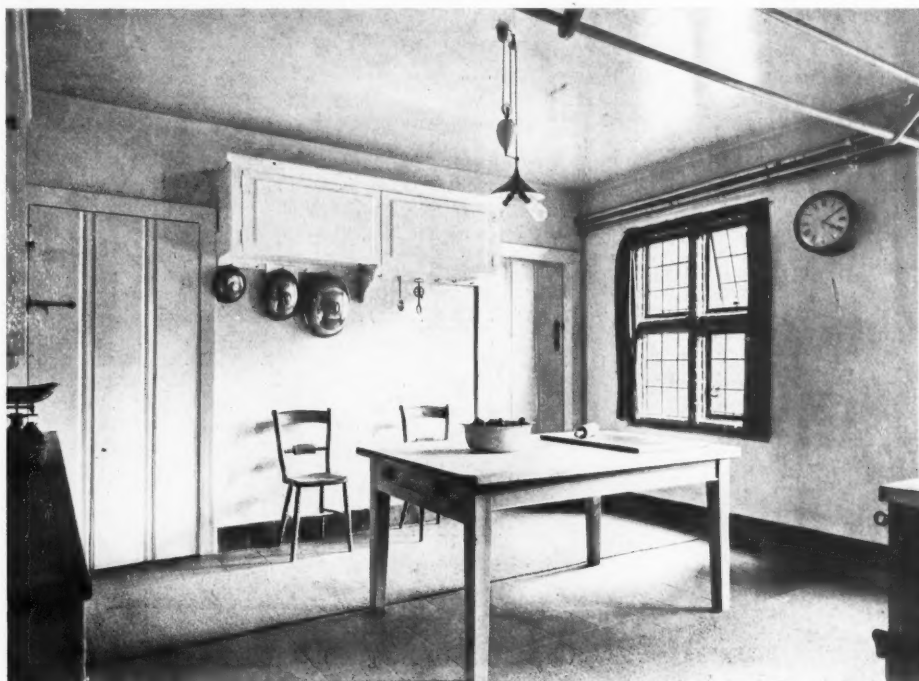
As regards the kitchen and service side of our own houses, the problem which we have to face is complicated by the fact that existing kitchens, sculleries and pantries are so generally lacking in proper equipment, and have features that seem to have been designed with the idea of making labour rather than saving it. In all too many cases also there have been installed fittings which display no appreciation of what is wanted to give the greatest convenience in carrying out the work of the kitchen. In this category would come the common form of dresser, the usual sink arrangement, and ranges that burn an astonishing amount of coal in the endeavour to meet the cooking needs and the hot-water supply at one and the same time; to say nothing of floor and wall surfaces that do not conform to modern hygienic requirements.

The remodelling of these existing unsatisfactory service arrangements will often necessitate structural alterations, and as each case involves its own particular treatment, it will serve no good purpose now to do more than make this passing reference to them, turning instead to what may be regarded as the ideal arrangement for the kitchen portion of a moderate sized house.

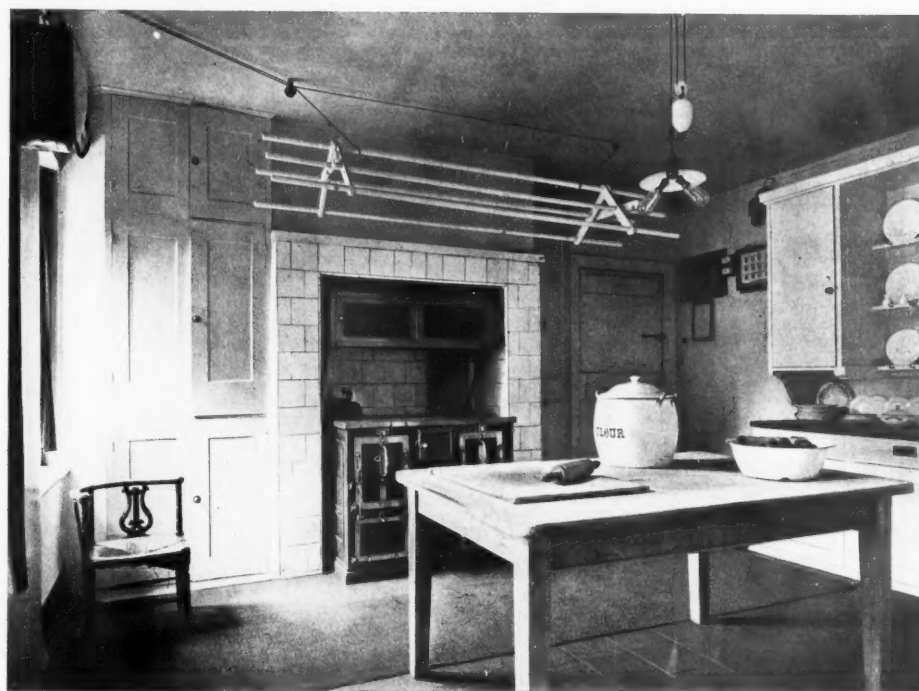
In explaining my own conception of what might be done, points will arise about which others may hold a different opinion, and as this is a subject where the collective conclusions of many people are most likely to determine the best arrangement possible in average circumstances to-day, it will be of great interest if readers who have experience in these matters will give their own results for publication (with illustrations, if possible) in some future issues of COUNTRY LIFE.

As a fundamental arrangement I regard the combining of the kitchen with the scullery in one room, instead of two

separate rooms adjoining one another. We thus get in the kitchen-scullery the veritable workshop of the house, where everything is conveniently to hand, and where the daily tasks can be carried out without unnecessary walking to and fro. The best plan in my opinion is an oblong, say about 20ft. by 15ft. This kitchen-scullery would have a pantry and service lobby on one side adjacent to the dining-room, while at the other end of it, or projecting from one side (according to the aspect of the house) would come the larder, stores, etc. The pantry and service lobby would have in it an enamelled fireclay



View showing tile floor, tile skirting, and wall and ceiling treatment with washable finish



View showing "Kooksjoie" anthracite range, storage cupboards, dresser and drying frame.

KITCHEN IN A HOUSE AT PURLEY, SURREY.

The late Captain A. Winter Rose.

sink, with teak draining boards on either side, and suitable shelving and cupboards with glass-fronted doors. In it also would be a service hatch to the dining-room, this hatch being either of barrel form with openings at each side, or of box form with interlocking doors. The hatch opening on the dining-room side would be screened off and would have a side table close at hand so that meals could be served and the table

cleared with the greatest ease and quietness. For the walls of the kitchen there can be nothing better than glazed bricks or glazed white tiles, but these are both extremely costly at the present time, and in place of them the next best surface is Keene's cement painted with a washable enamel or washable distemper.

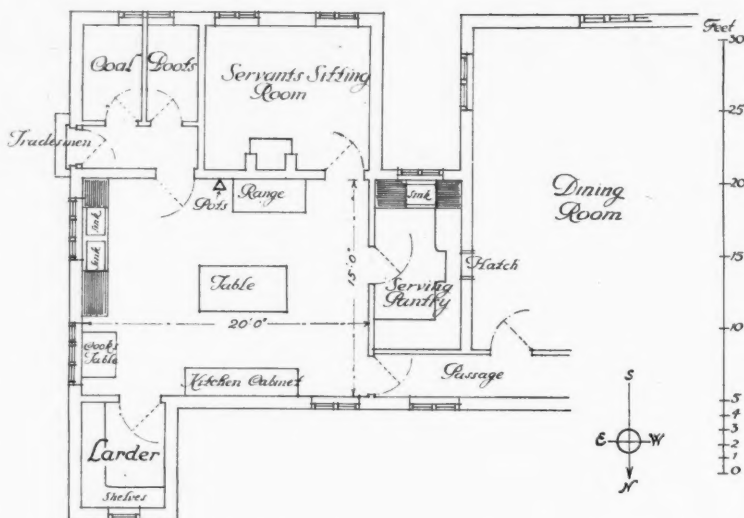
The finish of the floor is an all-important matter, but one about which there is a good deal of difference of opinion. Tiles—red "quarries"—are commonly regarded as the best finish for a kitchen floor, but anyone who has had personal experience of them will be ready to acknowledge, first of all, that tiles are not particularly easy to clean, are noisy and cold to walk upon, and, to use the cook's phrase, are "bad for the feet." This unyielding floor surface is certainly very tiring to work upon for any length of time. In view of this the claims of the modern jointless composition floorings are put forward. These can be laid on any foundation, and, in addition to their merits of being jointless and enabling the floor angles to be swept up in a curve so that there is no lodgment for dirt, they possess a certain resilience which makes this kind of floor far less tiring to the feet than tiles. But some composition floors suffer from the defect that they do not wear well, and are troublesome to keep clean, fat and other droppings causing marks that are difficult to remove. The jointless floor which is free from these defects would be admirable in every respect.

Linoleum gives very satisfactory results in the kitchen, either the plain kind or an inlaid one. One particular variety simulates the effect of an old red tiled floor, and thus combines the comparative cheapness of linoleum with the pleasant appearance of tiles, but it cannot be too strongly emphasised that a boarded floor at ground level must not be covered tight to the skirting with linoleum. If this is done, dry rot will inevitably occur. In the case of a new house, however, a concrete floor might be put in, and linoleum stuck down direct on it with mastic.

The only remaining floor treatment which might be adopted is wood blocks laid in mastic, but considering the likelihood of soiling that occurs in a kitchen, wood blocks cannot be regarded as providing the ideal surface. Everything considered, I would recommend a good linoleum suitably treated with wax to give a surface that will wear well.

The arrangement of the necessary equipment in the kitchen-scully next calls for consideration. This includes the cooking range, the dresser or its equivalent, the sink, and the storage fittings for pots and pans, crockery, etc.

In the matter of ranges we are at once confronted with the advantages and disadvantages of coal fuel, gas and electricity. It is impossible in this general article to go into any detailed review of these, but it may at any rate be said that the ideal arrangement would appear to be some form of combination. For instance, I think there could not be



PLAN FOR A KITCHEN-SCULLERY.

anything better than an electric range for all cooking purposes, with the exception of water heating. This latter can be most economically effected by using gas for small quantities and having an independent boiler for large supplies and radiators. The ordinary independent boiler cannot meet the dual needs of bath supply and house warming, though there is at least one particular pattern which claims to do this with one fire; and unless some appliance of this particular kind is adopted it will be found that the best arrangement is to have two boilers side by side, separately fired. This arrangement also enables an economy to be effected in summer time, when only the hot-water supply for baths is needed.

Concerning the best type and position of the kitchen range there is considerable difference of opinion. Many cooks like nothing so well as one of the large new coal ranges, with their panoply of arrangements for oven and hot-plate cooking, and with plate-warming cupboards above. It has been contended that the best place for the kitchen range is in the centre of the room. This certainly is a good place for it in a demonstration kitchen or in a hotel kitchen, because it enables work to be done on all sides by several people; but in the ordinary house there is only one "chef," and she can attend to the cooking just as well if the range is on one of the side walls as if it is in the centre of the room; moreover, this latter arrangement suffers from the defect that it centralises the heat, whereas if the range is at one side of the kitchen, there are cool places on the other side, admirably adapted to the making of pastry, for instance.

A good deal can be said in favour of the French type of closed range adjoining the wall but standing free from it, so that it is possible easily to clean it on all sides. This is a better arrangement than our English method of setting the range in a recess, and, if a suitable hood is provided above, all the fumes and smell of cooking are at once carried away.

It is curious, however, how persistently the low type of oven continues to be adopted by manufacturers, though to-day there is a growing appreciation of the merits of a raised oven, and gas-stove makers especially are introducing models after the American pattern with the ovens raised upon legs, so that it is possible to attend to cooking without the back-bending that occurs with low ovens. In many respects electric cooking is an ideal method, and quite economical in working costs, provided that extensive use is not made of hot plates for boiling purposes. R. R. P.

(To be concluded.)



AN AMERICAN KITCHEN-SCULLERY WITH MODERN EQUIPMENT.

Range for coal and gas; kitchen cabinets of white enamelled steel with glass knobs; jointless composition floor.

WHAT MAKES A FIRST-CLASS PUTTER

By JACK WHITE.

[So much interest has been taken in Jack White's articles on putting that we have asked him to write this further one.—ED.]

I HAVE often heard people mention some particular golfer as being a good putter because he has exceptional days when his putts go into the hole from all parts of the green. This inspired putting always occurs in a friendly game when the player has started his round with an easy mind and, starting well, he sails along finding his touch to perfection. He decides that in future he will always be able to putt well, but the time comes when this player takes out a card and immediately his touch deserts him. He then concludes he is only temporarily off his putting. It would be a kind action if he were told he was not a good putter, for to be classed as such a golfer must be able to depend upon himself however highly tried. This confidence can only come by experience and knowledge that is first gained by long hours of practice on scientific lines.

Now if the man who loses his putting in a medal round would take himself to task and find out why he fails on the putting green when he is highly strung, he would be doing a very wise action and the result would be that he would discover he must learn how to putt. There are any number of golfers who can strike the ball well on the green but are not good putters. The reason is that when there is nothing depending on the game a player's nerves are calm and he can look at the ball and, having



JACK WHITE'S PUTTING GRIP.

a good eye, can putt well; but when he particularly wants to do a good round he gets excited and the putts begin to slip past the hole. He fails to realise his trouble, namely that he cannot look at the ball.

The only cure is to learn to look well down on the ball even when six up; it is taking liberties in friendly games that makes a player's confidence go astray. So in all games school yourself to try as hard as you can until the time comes when you can say "I know how to putt even with a gallery looking on." However nervous a player may feel before a big match, he will do himself justice if he has mastered a putting method. Even a missed putt at the first hole will not shatter his confidence and he will still feel that things are going all right.

To be a first-class putter a player must have the feeling that the long approach putt is going into an imaginary 2ft. ring round the hole, and if the holing out putt is difficult the player must use his will power to tackle it and feel confident that nothing can prevent the ball going into the hole except the ground being untrue.

This has always been my plan of campaign when I get an easy putt of 10yds. with a friendly run or, in other words, against the nap of the grass. I go up to the hole and while there make up my mind to be well up. When I get a slippery putt along a nasty ridge I make up my mind how I am going to strike the ball and play to be dead. If I lay this "stony" it gives me far more pleasure than holing the easy one.

Every good putter loves the fast hard surface of the seaside putting green when it is a scientific feat to get down in two putts. If the undulations are not too severe it is a real pleasure to be putting under these conditions. I can putt just as well on

some of our good inland courses where the grasses grow fine and the subsoil is gravel, but those who learnt their golf on a seaside course are likely to acquire the finer touch.

I maintain that if a golfer can turn the ball about with an iron or mashie, why should not he juggle a bit with his putter. Any class of golfer can thump a ball up to the hole on a stiff flat green with lots of grass on its growing roots, but that was never meant to be part of the game. It is like playing billiards on a piece of corduroy cloth, and it turns putting into one single shot of hitting the ball hard and straight. There is plenty of hitting to-day with holes of 400yds. classed as par fours without adding putting to this category as well. Let us rest our muscles and use our brains when we reach the green and keep to the beautiful touch of delicate putting. To quote dear old Tom, "Mair sand, Honeyman," is what is wanted to keep the old seaside fast surface on the greens, where the ball will respond to the player's touch.

As the championships are always held on a seaside course, it is well to be ready in time and play yourself in on a keen green. Anyone who has had the good fortune to win the Open Championship will tell you that you cannot win the blue ribbon of golf unless you are putting very well. A player when getting himself fit for a big event is very apt to forget that it is the hand and the eye that count in golf, and not the body. Eat little and sleep a lot. Cigarettes make the hole the size of an egg cup; some like a pipe "whiles."

TALES OF THE RIBBED CLUB

A GREAT deal has been said lately about the iron clubs with ribbed faces which have become so popular in America. Wonderful stories have been told of their stopping powers, some of which I confess to have regarded rather sceptically as travellers' tales. The other day, however, I had a talk to a distinguished professional who is back for a short holiday from America, and he gave my unbelief a severe shaking. He was talking of Jock Hutchison's play with his ribbed mashie niblick, and declared that in Hutchison's pitches the ball on alighting *never* runs forward and is rather inclined to come back. Moreover, he—and his club—can perform these miracles on a hard, fast green. My informant added that though he cannot equal this feat, he can stop the ball "as quick again" with the ribbed club as with the ordinary one. Mr. Tolley and Mr. Wethered, when they came home, seemed rather more impressed with the stopping power of these ribbed weapons in the longer iron shots, but this play with the mashie niblick sounds the most uncanny thing of all. Jock Hutchison, who is now at St. Andrews, will be back there for the Open Championship. That he is a wonderfully brilliant player on his day there seems no doubt. He is inclined, I am told, to hook with his wooden clubs, sometimes very badly, but St. Andrews allows more scope for this form of occasional aberration than do some of our championship courses, and I think Hutchison is likely to be the most dangerous of our invaders.

A CHAMPION'S APHORISM.

There was present at this talk about ribbed clubs a very famous champion. He listened to these terrifying stories which I have just retailed, and then said, "Well, what I want is a club that will make the ball go on." And really it was the answer of a sage. It is sometimes very difficult to stop the ball on the green, and we should be grateful for a club that would help us to do it, but most of us do not lose holes or strokes because we overrun the green. What beats us is our inability to hit the ball up to the hole. Chronic shortness, born of a cowardice that we cannot conquer, is a far worse enemy than the keenest and most glassy putting green. If we had a club that would do all the stopping for us it might for a while infuse into us a sort of spurious courage, but I am afraid our own pusillanimous nature would reassert itself sooner or later. In any case the question seems, for all but those of us who are profiteers, an academic one. Everybody who has tried them agrees that the ribbed clubs plays the deuce and all with the ball. My professional friend gave the life of a ball as about four holes. Four and a half balls per round! Whatever else the ribbed club may be, it does not seem a democratic sort of club, does it?

WEST HILL REVISITED.

I played again last week on a very good course that is, as yet, less well known than it deserves to be—West Hill, near Brookwood. I remember to have said something of it last year when it had suffered severely from the war and was afflicted by a plague of moss. Since then Mr. Frank Janion has done wonders with it, and if he has not quite yet crushed the moss he has got it on the run. It is rapidly retreating in complete disorder. He has also made an attack on the worms, which were very troublesome at one or two holes, and they also are having

the worst of the battle. West Hill has the charm and the golfing virtues of its two near neighbours, Woking and Worplesdon. Nowhere are to be found prettier holes, where the fairway meanders down forest glades Dicky Doyle's elves out of the "Princess Niente" might be playing round the silver birches, or yeomen in Lincoln green might take their walks by moonlight there as they did in beloved "Ivanhoe." Moreover, to "come down to brass tacks," there are some very fine holes there, both long two-shot

holes and short holes. As a rule I do not like a long one-shot hole—a so-called short hole that demands a real full bang with wood from the tee—but there is one at West Hill, the fifteenth, that is quite admirable. One must hit quite straight with trees on either hand on to an undulating green well and truly guarded with pot-bunkers. A three perfectly got there diffuses a pleasing glow of self-satisfaction throughout the system.

BERNARD DARWIN.

THE GREAT GREY SEAL OF THE HEBRIDES

[In our issue of December 11th, 1920, there was an illustrated article on the Grey Atlantic Seal in an island in the Hebrides. We publish this week an article by another correspondent who has been in search of the seal in the same region.—Ed.]

TAKING advantage of the Indian summer, which has made the Hebridean Islands more like Oriental than Borean islands this year, we started at sunrise to visit the islands beyond Mull and beside Iona, where the great grey seal was said to have one of her rare breeding places. We set out in a primitive boat—not a very great improvement on St. Columba's coracle or curragh—with one brown sail and a ballast of heavy stones. The Gaelic-speaking boatmen drove her through the Atlantic rollers tempered by the bright hot sun. They brought us to a small grassy island, one of the most diminutive of the unnamed rocks which go to make up the Lordship of the Isles. Steep rocks hold the grass just out of the salt reach of the waves. As we approached we saw several of the great seals, which had been lying on the rocks, eye us suspiciously and then plunge into the water. They came out like mute shipwrecked mariners who had suffered some strange sea-change and swam round and round the boat, splashing and uttering queer cries. So large were they that they gave us the impression of sea lions rather than what we had believed were seals.

The reason of their alarm was apparent after we had landed, and after much scrambling over the rocks caked with mussels and winkles we found a baby seal only a few days old. The grey seal, different from the common seal, bears its young in September and October instead of the spring. The cubs do not take to the water at once, but remain in their shore nurseries for several weeks until a stronger and coarser coat has superseded the soft white wool with which they are born. This may be an interesting example of a sea mammal recalling, by the habits of its young, its own history in the scheme of evolution when it was entirely a shore animal. The baby elephant, it may be recalled, is born with traces of the mammoth's hair, which it loses in adult condition. The Gaelic tradition is that the grey seal was a land animal until the arrival of man drove it to the sea for sanctuary; but, of course, the development of a land into a sea animal was a far more lengthy and primitive proceeding than a scare at the sight of the first two-legged mammal called man. The human traits in the seal have led to the tradition among the Hebrideans that the Clan Mac Odrom, originally Clan Odain, was once supposed to number a seal in its ancestry. The Irish Coneelies are also said to be of seal descent, and the bad luck attending the killer of a seal is still handed down as a warning; for these reasons the young grey seals are said to remain shy of water and marooned sometimes as far as 200yds. above high-water mark.

The particular baby we found did not object to his photograph being taken, though his human eyes gazed reproachfully at us. To further familiarities he objected very strenuously, opening a mouthful of sharp teeth and snapping and growling viciously. The fishermen told us that if once a grey seal gets his grip on a human limb he does not let go until he has heard the bones crack! We returned to our boat and visited islands yet further out into the Atlantic. On some were older seals accompanied by mothers which faithfully stood their ground until we were quite close. They remained very near to the shore, swimming round and round in anxiety for their young. He would be a poor sportsman who took advantage of their domestic

cares to shoot at these easy marks. Unhappily, in the past, a number have been shot during their autumnal motherhood, and unless the rare grey seal is strictly preserved by law, a most beautiful and interesting British mammal will join the great auk and the dodo. They swam round and round, showing their Roman noses and long skulls compared to the bullet-headed common variety. No wonder Gaelic tradition asserts that they are human beings who were drowned in the great Flood!

There is something tragic in these mute man-like animals seeking shelter and sanctuary on the furthest west of the Hebrides. Man may well leave them their portion of rocks and seaweed, for the seal does not plunder or affright the sheep which the farmers leave to fatten on these derelict islands. Our expedition was due to a farmer's trip to inspect his beasts, which command high prices after fattening in this archipelago.

But the tragic note never left the conversation of our guides. They remembered wrecks and places where lonely bodies had been

cast out of the sea. Here the Norsemen had passed to raid the Holy Island, still visible on the skyline. Here they had slain the helpless monks. On one of the hilliest of the islands stood the stronghold of the Macleans when their more civilised home on the Mull mainland had become untenable. We passed over the treacherous reef on which a great fishing boat from Tiree had been wrecked with the loss of all her crew. We were told that the shadow of the Great War had been thrown over even this distant spot. We saw the place where the body of a Chinese sailor had been thrown up from a torpedoed liner and buried far, far from the flowery land. We saw where an officer from the Buffs had been found, and where H.M.S. — had perished on a German mine. The seal sanctuaries were still full of relics from that disaster, a broken life-belt, two portholes with their glass intact, and ships' timbers.

As the wind was rising our boatmen hurried us away, as it was difficult to steer their little craft through the eddies and currents between us and the harbour. Wonderful was the sea-

manship of those simple Hebrideans: one of them stood by the mast and shouted directions in mellifluous Gaelic to the steersman how to avoid the great rollers which began to tower right over us. Again and again we prepared to join the humble but noble army of mine-sweepers and seamen who had found a watery grave within sight of these islands of the mist, and whose last look must have been on the island shrine of Columkill. Eventually they brought us out of the torment of great waters round the rocky promontory which sheltered our anchorage, and we scrambled ashore wet and cold and found that even our watches, though not our hearts, had been stopped by the action of the sea water. But we had made the wonderful expedition and seen the great grey seal in its native haunt before it perishes to the gun of the unthinking hunter, who is careless whether they breed in the spring or at the Fall, or whether they breed at all. However, unless the law protects these beautiful animals the bones of the last of them will soon be mouldering with the bones of the poor seamen who found like them a hidden enemy in armed man. Before the deadly advance of Homo armiger specimen after specimen of the British fauna are, alas! doomed to perish! and this photograph may be of the last grey seal ever born on the rocks where St. Columba found and left them.

O.T.



TWO WEEKS OLD.